WHY OUR RICH MEN KILL THEMSELVES

BY ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

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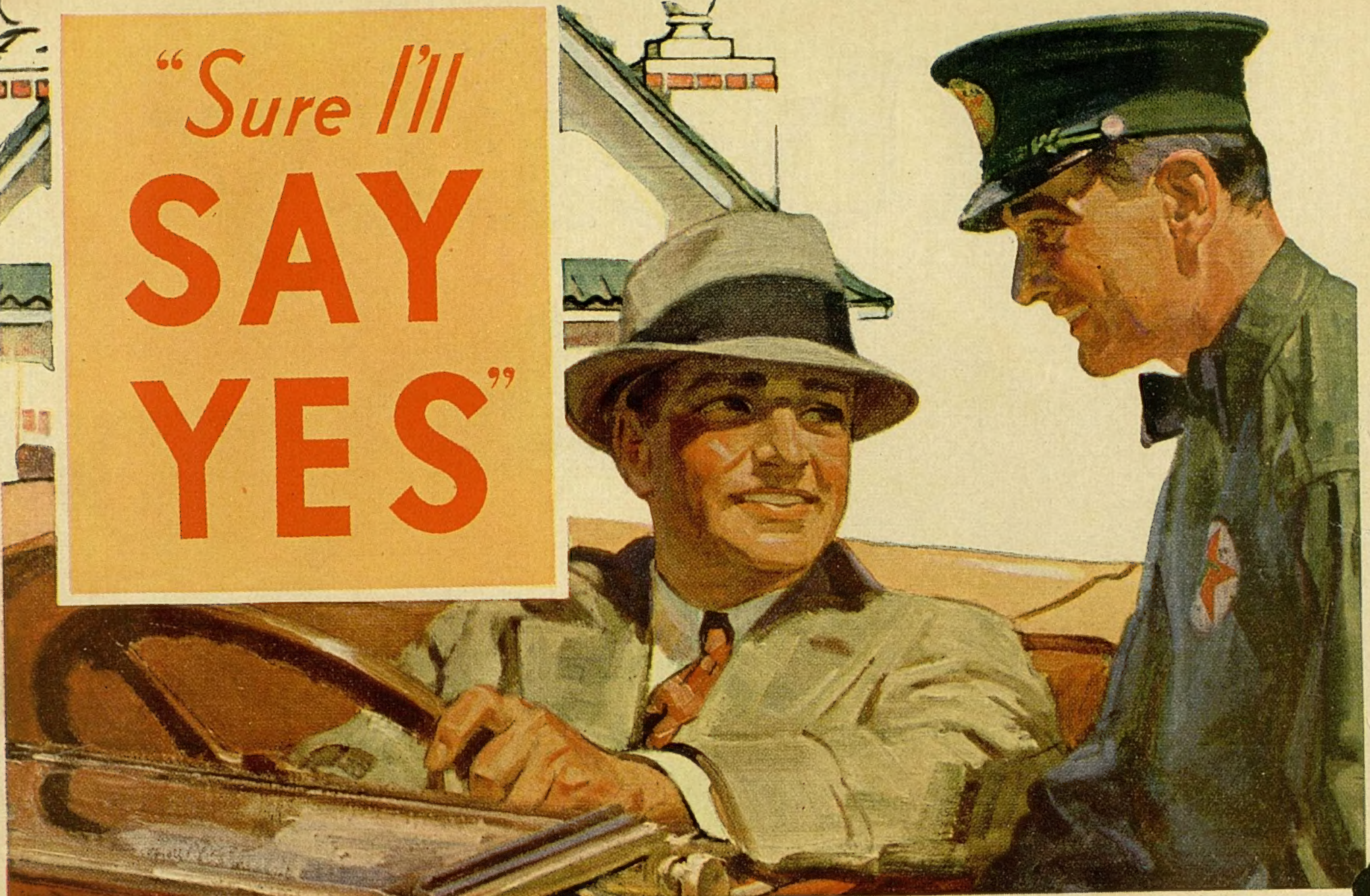
5¢

Leslie Thrasher



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NOVEMBER 5, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 45

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

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Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

FOOL LAWS—WHY NOT BE RID OF THEM?

Hypocrisy and pretense meet us at every turn. We rightly demand respect for our laws.

But "you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink." And if our laws do not deserve respect, it cannot possibly be commanded.

There are laws on our statute books that are so indescribably foolish that the average ten-year-old child would ridicule them.

There are thousands of such edicts cluttering up our legal literature. And they should be removed root and branch.

One of our congressmen on one occasion said that if the records of our legal activities, our library of law books, were consumed in a huge bonfire and we started all over again with a few laws based on the demands of simple justice, we would be relieved of a crushing load.

There is no need to enumerate this legal foolishness; but suppose we forget prohibition and take another form of foolish lawmaking that we all come in contact with every day, that is, all of us who ride in automobiles.

Every city and community has its speed laws. Signs on the road definitely tell you the lawful rate of speed. You will see a fifteen- or twenty-mile limit, and every driver will be traveling from twenty-five to forty miles an hour. Why pay attention to such a fool law? is the attitude of the average driver, and every ordinary citizen wonders why the necessity of such legal hypocrisy.

Speed laws should be regulated in accordance with usage. Practically every driver breaks these speed laws every day of his life, and now and then he is unlucky and is caught by a policeman. And this official is sometimes berated for his officiousness. But why blame the policeman? He is simply performing his duty in accordance with instructions from his superior officers, and the superior officers are guided by "law."

And those who create the speed limits are sometimes the worst offenders; but even if an officer fails to recognize their importance and reprimands or summons them, penalties are always avoided.

Respect for law!

Yes, that is the crying need of today! But our citizens are not nitwits! There is absolutely no chance of our compelling such respect under present conditions.

Thousands upon thousands of additional laws are recorded each year. Decisions are made, apparently, according to law; and the demands of justice are sometimes entirely ignored. The judge will make a decision based upon the precedent of a verdict rendered in previous cases. We are so bound down and restricted by the details of legal enactments that the demands of justice are not recognized.

And then, there is favoritism. It runs rampant in many of our courts. One law for the culprits who can hire able lawyers, and another for those who are without money.

Respect for law!

Every intelligent, conscientious citizen wants it.

But the very first step toward its attainment is the annulment of the legal trash that no one can respect.

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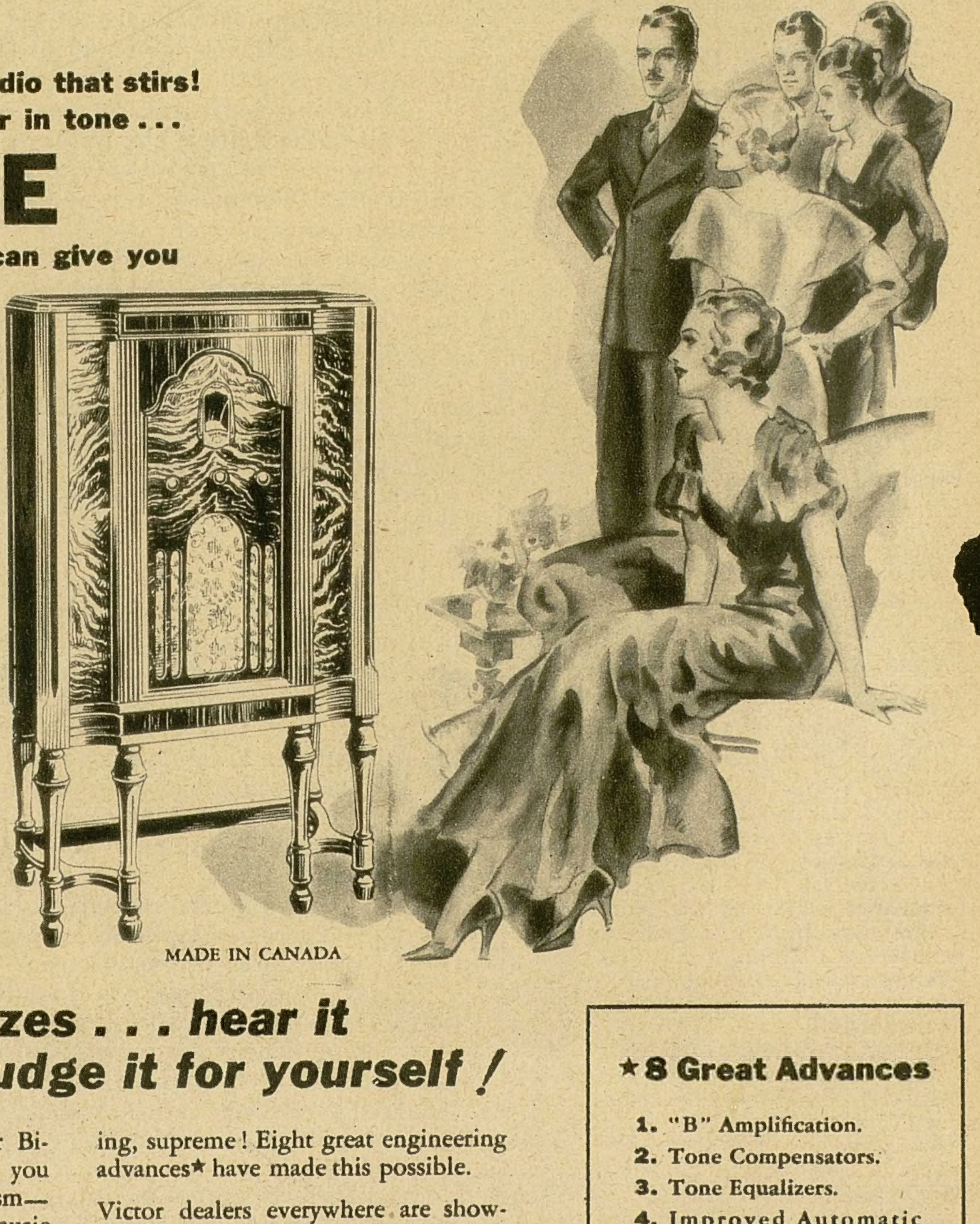

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Why Our Rich Men Kill Themselves

A Glimpse into the Lives of Those Who Are Supposed to Have All the Luck

By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

Decoration by CLYDE PRETTYMAN

(Reading time: 14 minutes 25 seconds.)

TWO hobos sat on a park bench reading newspaper remnants. "Say, bo, take a look at this," said one. "Here's a guy that killed himself on account of the depression and he had fifteen hundred dollars in the bank. Some folks don't know when they are lucky!"

They were talking of James Mortimer, who had jumped out of a fifteenth-story window of a Park Avenue apartment. I happen to have known James Mortimer. He had been worth almost two million dollars at the time of the Wall Street crash. He was a stockbroker—a member of a big firm. When his firm's business went to pieces, barely escaping bankruptcy, he was out of a job. He and his family lived in the Park Avenue apartment, rental $15,000 a year, on a lease that still had three years to go. He had had difficulty meeting insurance premiums. He had borrowed on his policies up to the limit. Day after day, for a year, he had hoped for a change in conditions. The money in the bank was a savings account he had established for one of his children many years before.

Jim was not a fellow with a false sense of values. He had served in the army and had suffered privation in France without complaint. To him it made little difference whether he lived in an apartment of two or of ten rooms; whether he cooked his own food or whether it came to him on a silver platter.

But he did struggle for a year and a half to solve what seemed to him to be, and perhaps was, an insoluble problem. It was not merely one of earning or borrowing enough money to live. It was more serious. How could he get his affairs straightened out so that he could make both ends meet? He might have been discharged in bankruptcy and started again; but then, he had no skill except in the brokerage business. His credit would have been gone. He couldn't have held a minor job—he didn't even know how to keep books—and the day of the customers' man has passed.

Arthur Garfield Hays is a lawyer who has distinguished himself in cases involving civil liberties. Among these, in some of which he has worked with Clarence Darrow, are the Scopes "monkey trial," the Sweet case in Detroit, and the Sacco-Vanzetti case. He is national director of the American Civil Liberties Union. Born in Rochester, N. Y., he makes his home in New York City.

His problem was not one of the next meal, which might have been solved by a soup kitchen; nor was it one of an ordinary job, which might come when the depression turned the corner. His problem could not be met by taking Junior out of college or firing a servant. To him the situation seemed to be hopeless. Thus the suicide.

Who are the rich, anyhow? Charles M. Schwab said there weren't rich people any more; but obviously there are gradations and variations. One man has a country estate; another hasn't even a hole in the ground. One man trudges the streets; another drives a costly car. One looks for a bunkhouse and begs the money to pay; another gives the necessary dime and seeks the Waldorf-Astoria. True, the bum may sleep like a log and in the morning have a ravenous appetite for a breakfast he cannot pay for, while the nabob may pound his pillow restlessly through the night, worrying about his pay roll, and then, because of nervous indigestion, be unable to eat delicacies from the tropics. Yet there is a difference. And it should not be forgotten that the bum may also have indigestion.

Does a big income mean that one is rich? Maybe. One of my friends thought so until, in the desire for security, he began putting away money. He bought securities on partial payment, or real estate. He found himself feeding an insatiable monster. While he had spent his income he had had no money worries, but as soon as he bent himself to accumulating capital he was always broke. He has his securities no longer. His real estate, tenantless, cries for taxes and mortgage interest. Some day he will lose it all and have his income for himself, but he doesn't look forward to the event with any degree of joyous anticipation. He will live well—if he holds his job. But he isn't rich. Like the poorest, his earning capacity—or job—is the only thing between him and starvation.

Freedom from economic worry may be a test of wise living, but it isn't necessarily a test of wealth. It depends upon psychology, habits, and standards. The man with a $5,000 income who has a surplus of $1,000 above his normal needs troubles less about money than the millionaire whose fixed obligations leave him no surplus.

On one occasion a client of mine with an income of $200,000 a year, who owned a city and a country house, yachts, a box at the opera, racing stables, and automobiles, was engaged in a romantic affair, the object of which reacted coldly to gifts not consonant in luxury with a racing-stable suitor. My client felt poor. After he paid his fixed charges, rentals, wages, insurance, interest, taxes, and all the rest which represented the man, there was little left. Like the government of the United States, the amount from which savings could be chiseled was only a percentage—perhaps 15 per cent—of the whole. And if my client wished to sell property and dispose of the proceeds, he went about it surreptitiously to avoid countless secretaries, clerks, bookkeepers, lawyers, and family advisers. Comfort and ease of mind come from an economic surplus, not from wealth. Standards of living are often indicative of the facts, but this doesn't apply in times like the present. I have friends living in Park Avenue apartments under leases which call for $15,000 a year. They pay $100 or $200 a month and hold on from week to week, while the landlord waits for conditions to improve or for some hopeful prospect. The finery of their wives comes from last year's wardrobe. They have classic furniture, the accumulation of years, which they cannot sell and on which they cannot afford to pay storage. Rooms are shut off and servants have long since departed.

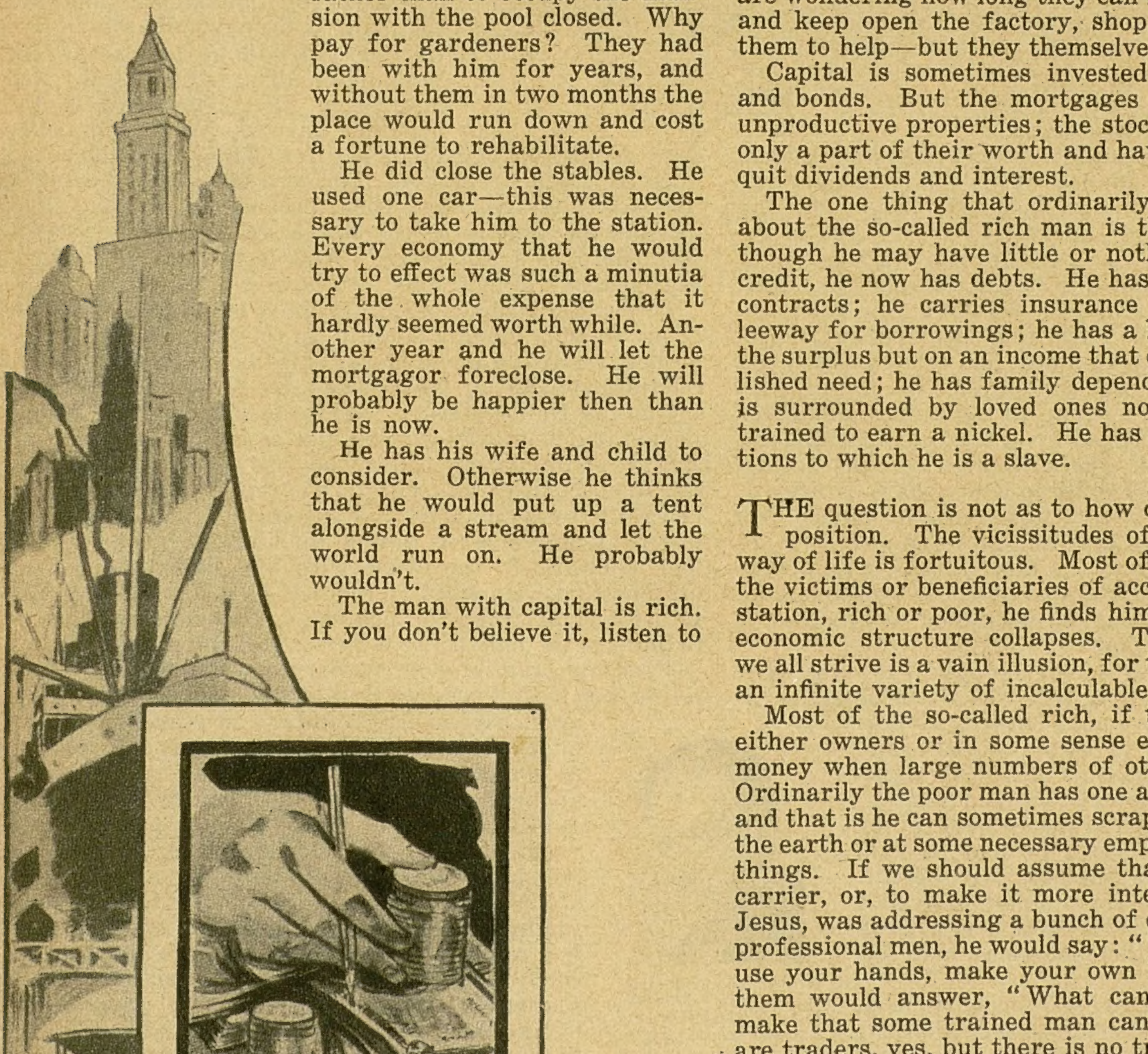
A friend of mine has a large country place, stables, garages, tennis courts, amateur golf course, swimming pool. He felt he must cut his expenses—in fact, his last year's income tax had not been paid because he had spent the income on which he was supposed to pay the tax. He could not sell the place—there were no buyers. He could not rent the place—no one would pay as much as the cost of the upkeep. He might let the place go on the foreclosure of the mortgage, but it represented a large part of his capital investment, the fruits of years of planning. His mortgage interest alone was $6,000 a year.

WHY not close the swimming pool? If he did, he told me, he might save $200. Compared with the expense of the whole establishment, it seemed hardly worth while to eliminate those features which to him were the greatest joy. He was the kind of fellow who would prefer to live in the gardener's cottage and have the swimming pool rather than to occupy the mansion with the pool closed. Why pay for gardeners? They had been with him for years, and without them in two months the place would run down and cost a fortune to rehabilitate.

He did close the stables. He used one car—this was necessary to take him to the station. Every economy that he would try to effect was such a minutia of the whole expense that it hardly seemed worth while. Another year and he will let the mortgagor foreclose. He will probably be happier then than he is now.

He has his wife and child to consider. Otherwise he thinks that he would put up a tent alongside a stream and let the world run on. He probably wouldn't.

The man with capital is rich. If you don't believe it, listen to the street-corner socialists or communists. A so-called capitalist friend of mine owes the government $22,000 in back taxes. His bank has called for a reduction of $10,000 on the mortgage on his home. It is just as serious for the rich man to lose his home as for the poor man. "But," says the latter, "he'll have somewhere to rest his head." The rich man doesn't know that. "He'll have some rich friend to take him in." But his rich friends like privacy. The poor are more hospitable; they are accustomed to take in friends who are broke.



The mortgage and taxes were capital obligations. The wherewithal with which to pay was in his business, which had a stock at cost, $416,000. Machinery at a depreciated value was carried at $218,000; bills receivable in addition amounted to $38,000; cash, about $6,500. Liabilities, chiefly to banks, did not exceed $250,000. But the selling season was over. Down went the inventory, perhaps one half. Each week's pay roll was a problem. For years he has been regarded as the head, savior, and insurance of collateral branches of his family. He not only had contractual but psychical obligations, just as burdensome and pressing. He faces ruin, materially and psychically. A failure!

A group of bank directors confer on the calling of a loan. Each one fidgets uncomfortably in the realization that the facts of the debtor's position apply to him. He hopes the lightning will not strike. He is a trustee and as such will cast a vote that shames him as a man.

The mayor calls a meeting of the leading and wealthiest citizens to consider unemployment relief. Most of them are wondering how long they can stave off their creditors and keep open the factory, shop, or office. It is up to them to help—but they themselves need help.

Capital is sometimes invested in stocks, mortgages, and bonds. But the mortgages may rest on empty or unproductive properties; the stocks and bonds represent only a part of their worth and have in many cases cut or quit dividends and interest.

The one thing that ordinarily is reasonably certain about the so-called rich man is that he has obligations, though he may have little or nothing else. Having had credit, he now has debts. He has leases, mortgages, and contracts; he carries insurance which has no further leeway for borrowings; he has a burden of taxes, not on the surplus but on an income that does not meet the established need; he has family dependents and retainers and is surrounded by loved ones none of whom has been trained to earn a nickel. He has possessions and obligations to which he is a slave.

THE question is not as to how one comes to be in that position. The vicissitudes of life are various. The way of life is fortuitous. Most of us drift. All of us are the victims or beneficiaries of accident. Whatever one's station, rich or poor, he finds himself involved when the economic structure collapses. The security for which we all strive is a vain illusion, for the result depends upon an infinite variety of incalculable circumstances.

Most of the so-called rich, if there are any left, are either owners or in some sense executives. They make money when large numbers of other men are employed. Ordinarily the poor man has one advantage over the rich, and that is he can sometimes scrape a living either out of the earth or at some necessary employment. He can make things. If we should assume that a bricklayer or hod-carrier, or, to make it more interesting, the carpenter Jesus, was addressing a bunch of dejected executives and professional men, he would say: "Turn to the simple life, use your hands, make your own living!" And each of them would answer, "What can we do, what can we make that some trained man cannot make better? We are traders, yes, but there is no trade. We practice law, but we have no one to practice on. We give medicines, but now that there are no rich men, no one needs our medicines. We preach, but people pay not for words. Give us, O Lord, a menial job and the ability to do it!"

The poor have reduced wages or are jobless. The rich have reduced incomes or—or *and*—are jobless. Both realize that an earning capacity, the ability to do something of value for society, is the greatest or only security. The poor man out of a job is less obsessed with the insecurity of his future than the rich man out of a job.

In psychological and emotional terms, the so-called rich man is in a funk. He has an inferiority complex. Economic disaster, even insecurity, are new to him.

Some of the old Biblical phrases have a practical significance.

Assuming that Paradise refers to ease of mind on this earth, there may be something in the difficulty of the rich man getting into heaven.

Luck may strike either rich or poor, but a sudden change in conditions may help the one while it may take years to resurrect the other. The position of the poor rich is probably the more precarious. There is no one to help; no one can help. Nor does his plight inspire sympathy. His insecurity is just as real but his demands are not so elemental.

With many persons, large fixed expenses have become more or less standardized. Pride, love of comfort, imitation, and just a casual drifting land people there. Sometimes it is the very spirit of largess which enables men to make money. I remember on one occasion a man telling me that he had three salesmen, one earning $10,000 a year, another $5,000 a year, another $3,000 a year. " Now," said he, " if the ten-thousand-dollar man spent five thousand, or the five-thousand man spent three thousand, either of them would have some money to invest in the business in five or ten years." I asked him if he ever realized that if the ten-thousand-dollar man spent five thousand he probably would be earning only five thousand; that it was the spirit of push, initiative, refusal to consider details, and in general the ten-thousand-dollar spirit that in part gave him his standing and earning capacity. I suggested that if a lawyer lived in a shanty he would probably make a shanty income; likewise with a doctor, or anyone else.

The old philosophy says one should cut his needs to his income. Modern life often indicates that it is sometimes easier to increase an income to one's needs. Easier spending—putting on a front—often brings monetary rewards. Nothing succeeds like a reputation of success.

COMES the question, why the difficulty about making adjustments if the poor rich have not a false sense of values, if they do not insist upon luxurious living? The foremost answer is that these people have obligations which they cannot immediately eliminate; the second and perhaps more important is that their standard of living is often tied up with their ability to earn. Take a man out of a $25,000-a-year job and it does not follow that he can make $5,000 a year. It is probable that, at least from his point of view at the time, he will make either $25,000 a year or nothing. Take a bricklayer earning fifteen dollars a day out of his job. He cannot get another at seven dollars a day or at five dollars a day; there is just no demand for his services.

In connection with the coal-mining industry, which for years has been disorganized because there are three or four times as many workers as are needed, one wonders why these men do not move somewhere else and get into another line of work. Often they do, but they somehow drift back. The roots of habit go pretty deep. Adjustments often seem almost impossible to make. In the South the present mill workers originally came from the hills. Today they live on starvation wages, if they get anything at all. Why don't they go back to the hills? Sometimes the reason is lethargy, lack of an adventurous spirit. Ofttimes, however, people have come to know a new world, a more progressive community, and feel a sense of failure and futility in going back to a position which may have been reasonably satisfactory when they knew no better.

This spirit is not all to the bad. If slaves do not struggle they conceivably will be more contented with slavery. Any human being who ceases to struggle is likely to find more contentment, but the contentment shows resignation, not progress. The Chinese rice-eating mass would no doubt luxuriate in the food given to our unemployed, yet no one would suggest the reduction of our standards to that level. Perhaps most of the poor rich, if the adjustment were once made, would find contentment in a simple life. But how simple? There are two ways to be happy, or at least contented. One, the Eastern way, is to kill your wants; the other, the Western way, is to develop wants and to try to satisfy them. We live in a Western civilization.

Is there a solution? I shall leave others to find it. Always we look for solutions in life, but there are none. Life is a struggle. When that ceases, we die. But part of the struggle should be toward simplicity, toward a realization that the real and enduring values in life come not from material possessions.

THE lack of security, affecting rich as well as poor, presents to the rich man somewhat the same sort of problems as to the poor man. Few people are miserable who live in the immediate present; that is, the moment. Most of us live largely in the past and in the future. Insecurity is the mother of anxiety and fear. A fixed sum is not the same to all men; in fact, it is not the same to any two men. The psychological factor affects everyone. But today fixed obligations are the chief possession of the rich. The philosophy that a man may be down but he's never out is largely the possession of the poor.

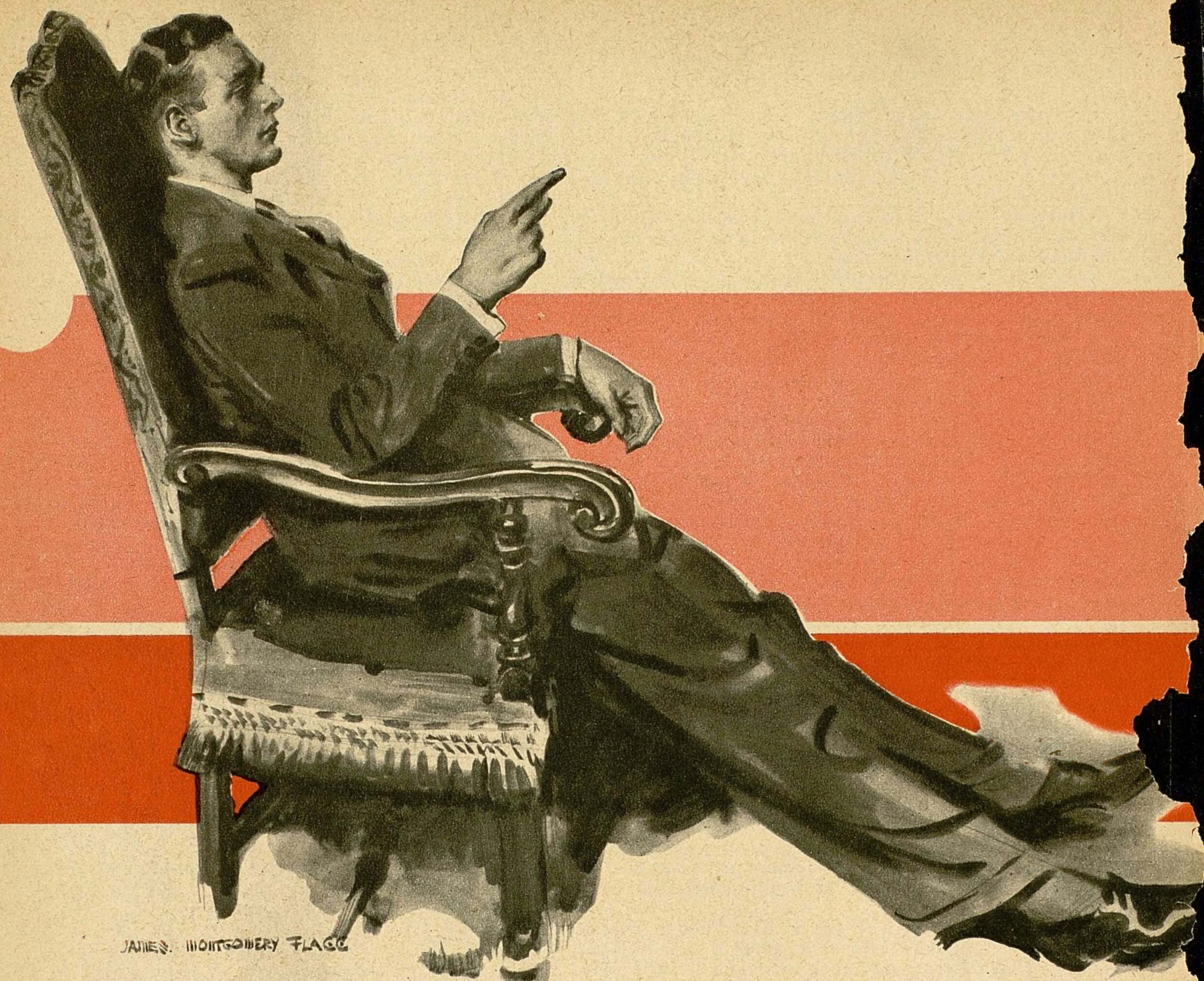
I do not refer to the abnormally rich, though they have somewhat the same problems, nor to those of hopeless poverty. I speak neither of palaces nor hovels. I do not intend to make comparisons. To match emotional misery of human beings is as useless as to compare cancer with tuberculosis, or a life of sickness with one in jail.

I merely point out facts ignored by all of us as respects those persons whose apparent income, wealth, or standards of living are many times our own. We scorn their worries. We are amused by their problems. We can easily tell them what is wrong.

The hobos on the bench look at the $1,500 in the bank. Mortimer, who killed himself, looked at his obligations. To the hobos he was rich; to himself he was poor. Most important, he had lost hope.

THE END

SALE
LEASE
C.P.



Imagine a Girl
Who Wouldn't
Be a Movie Star,
and then Read
Why

Make Way

(Reading time: 26 minutes 37 seconds.)

"AT eight o'clock," Marcia wrote in her diary, "I screamed for coffee, which Fedora brought. I took a bath—making it last as long as possible. I gnawed toast. I hemmed the curtains for the living room. I read the morning paper with a distinct feeling of distaste for what is happening in Congress and what Gandhi will wear. I had lunch.

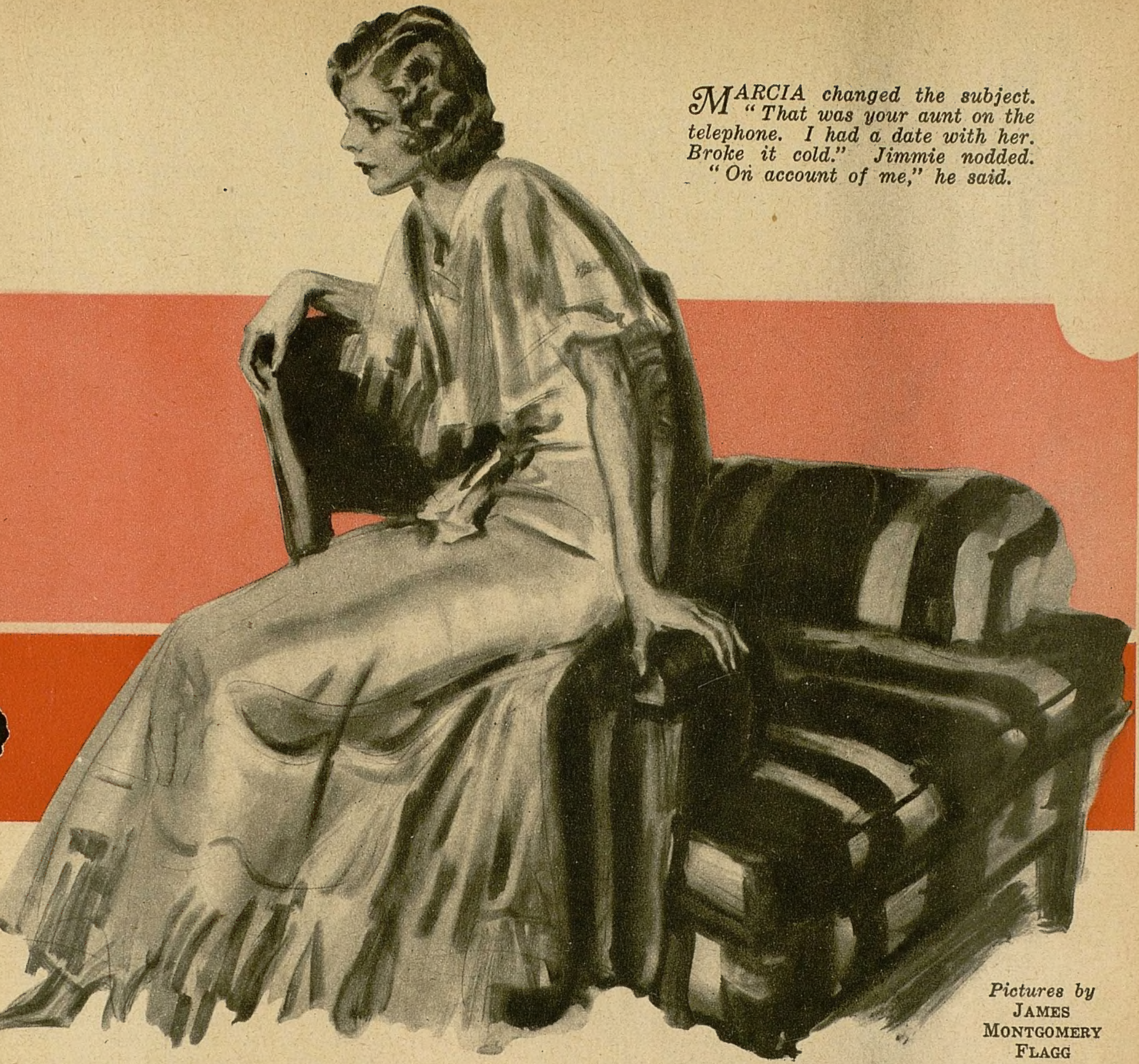
"In a few more days I'll be listing what I eat because there's so little else to say. After lunch I rode on a bus to the shopping belt, poked into all the better windows, bought a hat that looks like a discouraged mushroom, and came home. Aunt Rebecca called up—when the telephone rang I nearly died of excitement—and asked me to a matinée next week. I wrote that date down on my pure white engagement book.

"Finally I had supper. Then I went to the movies and saw Jimmie Stuyvesant in Lights Out. I sat there adoring him for an hour, and I loved the mouse comedy. I was in bed by eleven, reading The Purple Hand Murder until twelve, when I fell into what I will call a disturbed sleep.

"I've had seventeen days like that—and the folks in Treville told me New York was 'too exciting to live in!'"

Marcia blotted the exclamation point and the quotation marks. She looked at her wrist watch and perceived that it was only 11:14 A. M. She sighed. Golden rep curtains with golden rep valances hung over the windows of her apartment on Fifth Avenue. Sunshine poured through them and glistened on the newly shellacked parquet floor. Through a glass door she could see Fedora peeling tiny curls from string beans.

She picked up a magazine and turned the pages. They were shiny pages and on them were photographs of elegant and important people. She knew the page on which was a picture of Jimmie Stuyvesant, and presently she turned to it. Marcia was a wealthy girl. She was beauti-



MARCIA changed the subject. "That was your aunt on the telephone. I had a date with her. Broke it cold." Jimmie nodded. "On account of me," he said.

Pictures by
JAMES
MONTGOMERY
FLAGG

For *Marcia*

By PHILIP WYLIE

ful. In a state in the Middle West she had been the belle of Treville, which was neither a city nor a town but a place sharing the advantages of both. It had a country club, a swimming club, and a tennis club, and its young male inhabitants held in their minds' eyes portraits of Marcia in taffeta dancing, of Marcia in tweeds on the first tee, of Marcia with her amber hair water-darkened and her gray eyes full of excitement poised at the base of the springboard, of Marcia in a white dress on the courts.

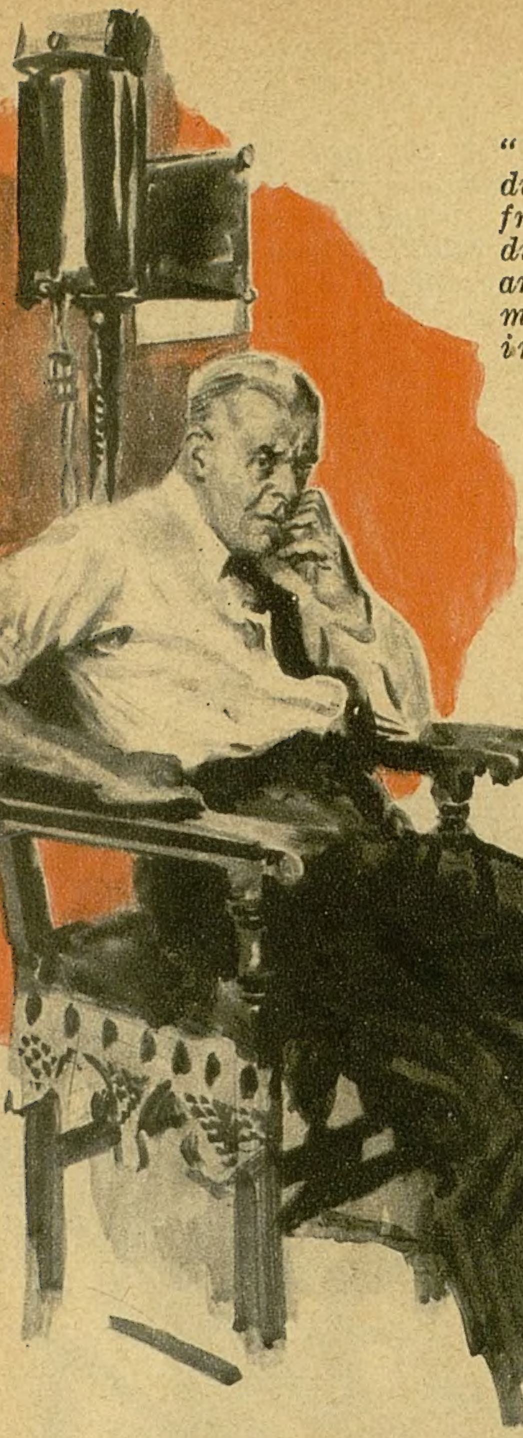
WHEN, at twenty-one, Marcia had been left alone in the world with her father's comfortable fortune, she had decided to go in search of greater adventure than a swift automobile ride along Treville Boulevard, greater romance than could be found in the willing embraces of the youth with whom she had grown to maturity.

Jimmie Stuyvesant had something to do with it. When she was seventeen she had been jealous of all the actresses who appeared with him—especially at the end of the picture. She had been at the raving age and she had raved.

The reaction of Treville people, men or women, young or old, was always the same: actors are silly fops; they have neither character nor brains; this Stuyvesant may possibly belong to an old New York family, but more probably that's just publicity and his real name is doubtless Guzziki.

She had stopped her reckless praise. She had inherited her patrimony. She had presently wearied of the house on Lincoln Street. She had seen Jimmie Stuyvesant in a cinema called Manhattan—a gay whirlwind cinema with shots of Broadway lights and marching mannequins and parties—and she had taken herself to the Mecca of youth.

But New York was, after a day or two, disappointing. She knew no one. She made the acquaintance of no one. She furnished a very charming apartment; she hired



"You mean"—the director's voice was frantic—"that you did this just for amusement?" The man threw himself into one of the leather chairs.

Fedora to take care of it and her: nothing happened. Eyes on the street admired her. One or two men attempted to flirt with her. Her aunt called. That was all. New York did not notice her arrival or recognize her incumbency.

In a week her aunt would depart and she would be alone—free to come and go as she pleased, ready for high endeavor, and destined to spend days and afternoons reading books and eating peppermints.

On the twenty-first day, at ten seventeen in the evening, she flung The Mysterious Knock across the room. On the twenty-fifth day she wept a little. On the day that ended her first month she decided that she was desperate. She had not spoken to anyone for forty-eight hours, except Fedora, the manager of a lending library, a soda-fountain clerk, and the man at the news stand.

SHE sat on the divan in the living room and thought about the enjoyable projects that were afoot in Treville at that precise instant. She wanted to go back. She knew what her friends would say if she did go back; she was ready to face it.

Her head, however, swam with such ideas as infest the heads of the despairing. She would walk along Park Avenue and wait till a handsome man was near, and faint. She would hire a cab to smash into a limousine. She would open a stock account and sit in the office watching the board and the brokers.

If only she could meet someone like—she knew what the simile would be—like Jimmie Stuyvesant! And why couldn't she meet him? Why couldn't she faint in front of him? Probably it had been done before—many times. Probably he was in the habit of stepping over beautiful girls and calling his valet: "Stephan—a little cold water on the lady yonder."

It was a pity. Outside she could hear the velvet roll of traffic far below her window. She could see a million lights in the monster shafts of skyscrapers. She meditated, as untold thousands have before and shall again, that in the vast city there were innumerable people who would be delighted to come to her apartment to play bridge, countless youths who would vie with each other to fetch orchids to her, old beaux and young who would count every hour with her golden. Only—she didn't know their names; she didn't know their addresses; she didn't know their telephone numbers.

Even Jimmie Stuyvesant was in that town somewhere—making a picture. The airplane she heard flying through the pulsing darkness might be carrying him—Jimmie Stuyvesant and Dolores Royal and champagne—over the city in the soft night.

What would happen if she telephoned him? Her heart stopped at the thought. She knew that she did not have the courage.

Suppose she wrote. He received thousands of letters. But suppose she pretended she was a friend? He must have met and forgotten phalanxes of girls.

She framed the letter in her mind—just for something to do. It proved to be quite entertaining. Not too familiar a letter. Not too lavish. Merely—provocative.

Something like—

DEAR MR. STUYVESANT:

Just a line to let you know I'm in town again. [The address on the stationery, she reflected.] Of course I don't dare tell you I'm busy—after the recital you made of all your engagements and enterprises the last time we met—but if you'd care to phone me in a week or so we might find a moment mutually free, and I'd like very much to see you.

Jennifer has gone to dog heaven [he was always being photographed with dogs] and I'm thinking of a schnauzer to take her place. You recommended schnauzers. Perhaps, some day, you'll help me pick out a new mascot. As ever,

MARCIA MALONE.

It was quite a nice letter. Friendly, informal, and yet personal. She could imagine him ruffling his black hair and lifting his magnificent eyebrows and trying to remember who she was.

When she had made a final decision about every sentence in the letter, even to the brave matter of suggesting a time a week hence, she wrote it—also merely for the purpose of providing herself with an activity.

It took her three days to summon the courage to mail it.

JIMMIE STUYVESANT ruffled his black hair and lifted his eyebrows and pondered over the letter in his hand. There was a girl in Paris, a daughter of a famous artist—no, her name was Martha. Funny. He liked the name Marcia. Always had. Never happened to meet anyone who possessed it—that he could remember. Probably met her as Miss Malone. There was a brunette in Los Angeles whom he'd met—where? No; that was Miss Stone.

He strode to the window of the penthouse suite, his dressing gown whipping his knees. Marcia Malone. His valet came in. "Say—Williams—do you know of anyone I know named Marcia Malone?"

"No, sir. I saw the letter this morning. It was sent from the studio—came with the day's fan letters. They thought it was for you personally."

"Obviously. You don't think, Williams, that fan mail is for me personally?"

"No, sir."

Jimmie Stuyvesant grinned. "And right you are. Well, I'm damned if I can remember her. But something sticks in my mind somewhere—"

"Probably a young lady desirous of obtaining an introduction to you, sir."

The perplexed actor sat down before his breakfast tray. "Probably. But something makes me doubt it. Anyway, keep the letter out of this welter of insouciance—whatever that means—and I may remember later."

"Yes, sir." Williams regarded the sky line of Manhattan dubiously. "I'm sure, sir, this is just in the usual run of things, sir. She desires to enter the motion pictures, sir—or possibly even to blackmail you—"

"Blackmail me, Williams? Anyone would be foolish to try that—with the reputation my press agents have built for me."

"A reputation wholly undeserved, sir."

"Thank you, Williams."

"As I was saying to Mr. Steavins, the assistant director, sir—'A heart of gold, a countenance of nobility, and a massive intellect.'"

Stuyvesant compressed a grin into a grimace. "That will be all, Williams."

Three days later Jimmie Stuyvesant's eye again fell upon the note, which was resting on the mantel. He reread it and sank into a reverie which must have been unproductive, for he returned the note to the shelf, propping it up so that it might act as a mnemonic.

It was that reading which stuck the name in his mind. He began carefully to ask his friends: "Know anybody named Marcia Malone?" "By the way—did you ever happen to meet a girl named Marcia Malone? No? What about her? Oh—nothing. Nice girl—that's all."

He said "Nice girl" because he had to say something in answer to their questions. And the third time he said, "Nice girl—that's all," he received an answer: "If she's a nice girl, bring her around. They're scarce."

So Jimmie said to himself, "Why not?" And he asked information for her number, assuring himself all the while that he was being a sap. At the least, a sap. All women wanted something. He rationalized his deed by telling himself that he was curious to know what particular benefit this Marcia Malone desired.

THE voice was nondescript—but it proved to be the voice of a maid. The second voice was charming. It wavered slightly—as if emotion were repressed within it. A dulcet, low-pitched, genteel voice.

"Hello?"

"Miss Malone?"

"Yes."

"This is Jimmie Stuyvesant."

"I guessed that it was." He could not know that it could have been no one else, or that she recognized the first syllable he pronounced, or that she was shaking like a leaf. And he could not say rudely, "Just where did we meet?"

He temporized. "Your note came—and I waited a week—according to my instructions."

She laughed gently. "It was a piggish note. But I really was distracted—so many things to do at first. How are you?"

I could like a girl with a voice like that, he thought. "I'm very well. You said something about looking for a schnauzer. Should we?"

"I can't think of a better companion and judge for such a venture."

"I don't know too much about them. Today?"

"Sorry—I—"

"Right. Tomorrow, then?"

"Say—at four?"

"At four. On the tick. I'll be down." Jimmie hung up. "She probably wants a dog," he said out loud. "And I'll be sucker enough to get one."

Marcia hung up. She laughed first and then began to cry. Afterward she fled to the bathroom and powdered herself furiously. Then she did a small dance to the music from the radio. . . .

Fedora opened the door. She was wearing her smartest outfit, the white cuffs, collar, and cap starched board-stiff. Jimmie stepped through the little vestibule. Marcia half rose and held out her hand.

Jimmie drew his breath in sharply. He knew instantly that he had never seen her before in his life. Consternation was followed by admiration and that feeling gave way to annoyance. He was a sucker, after all.

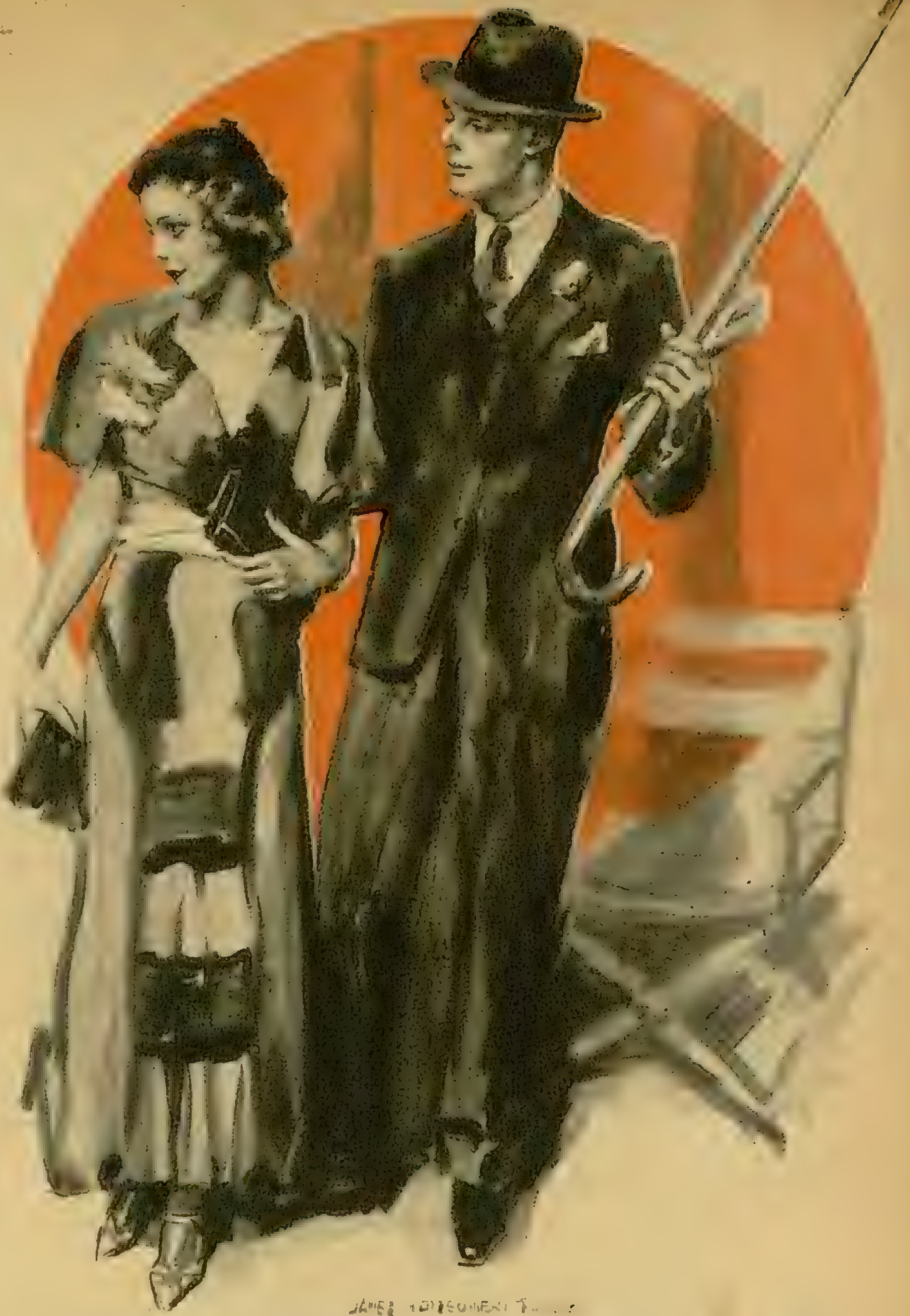
"How do you do?" she said.

No alternative now. Make the best of it—and be gone. "Very well," he answered. "You certainly haven't changed since I saw you last."

Marcia blushed.

He took a chair, leaning back and stretching out his feet. Just as he did in the movies. He was not quite as tall as she had imagined him—although he was very tall.

"No," she said finally.



Jimmie took her arm and said, "Come on. Let's get an onion sandwich or something."

"Right by the Place de l'Opéra, wasn't it?" he continued. "I'll never forget it. You waved, and I turned, and then I decided not to go after all, and when I looked for you, you'd stepped into a taxi and were whirled away."

Almost, then, she admitted her ruse. It would have been easier. It would have put an end to his imaginary nonsense. But she did not dare. Instead, she made an immense effort to be as facetious as he, and she succeeded in spite of her discomfiture. "Did you come back? I'm so sorry. But I did, too."

"No!"

"I called your hotel. '*Monsieur Stuyvesant est parti,*' they said. You'd taken the boat train. I cried and cried."

"Poor girl." There was a little pause. "And where have you been since then?"

FOR a fraction of a second her eyes were startled. But she began to invent at once: "Around. Around the world, in fact. Went on one of those cruises. Let's see—when was it that we parted?"

"Eighteen seventy?" he suggested.

"Don't be silly. The date's burned in my memory. It was last May. May. You should remember. Driving through the Bois de Boulogne. Eating at that little chicken place on the Left Bank. It was May. Oh—well—it is sweet of you to come down here now. You'll never know how kind you were to do it."

Internally he winced; but outwardly he smiled. "How about the dog business?"

"Oh— Shall we go out and look? I—" . . .

Marcia glanced at the owner of the pet shop and then took the puppy in her arms. It nuzzled her and wagged its tail. "You're a darling," she whispered. The tail went faster. "A love! Oh—you're sweet!"

The pet-shop man smiled professionally. "Thoroughbred, madam. Finest in the city. Healthy."

Jimmie Stuyvesant stood in the background. He was waiting for the sequel. She would ask tremulously, “How much?” The man would quote the price. She would shiver, or exclaim, or possibly even weep. And he, Jimmie, would pay.

“How much?” Marcia asked presently.

“This one—he's the best in the litter—is two hundred and fifty dollars.”

Jimmie stared at her—because she hadn't turned a hair. “You hold him,” she said to the owner of the shop. She opened her hand bag and extracted a roll of bills which would have done credit to a butter-and-egg man on a spree. She counted out the amount. She put it nonchalantly on the counter and her attention was all for the puppy.

“Isn't he adorable!” she whispered.

Jimmie gathered his shaken senses. He was a lover of dogs. He patted the pup. “A dandy—aren't you, boy?”

“I hope,” she said when they were on the street, “you'll be able to come back to get the dog installed and to have tea?”

They watched the puppy make his first tour of the house—a tour they supervised with diligence and laughter. They had tea. Jimmie left at seven fifteen, late for a dinner appointment and very much puzzled. She was a perfect stranger. Obviously she wanted something. Otherwise she would not have written the letter. She doubtless desired much more than the mere gift of a puppy. That whole deal was to camouflage her purpose. And yet—only someone who loved dogs could have treated the little schnauzer as she did. She was clever, he decided. Immensely clever. She had technique—and he liked her technique.

He liked it so well that he telephoned two days later and invited her to go out with some of his friends and himself.

It was while she was dancing with Jack Brady that he decided why she had written to him. She wanted to get into the movies. That was it! She probably wanted to become one of his leading ladies. So she had taken this route. He shrugged and spun his wineglass. Well, why not? He could arrange a trial for her. She was tremendously good-looking. Lithe. She had a fine voice. He sighed wearily, and broached the subject when they were driving home together in the small hours:

“I was wondering. A girl like you ought to be in the pictures. Would you like me to arrange a screen test?”

Marcia's heart beat rapidly. She had been pondering upon methods of seeing him again.

He had been aloof all evening, and she imagined that he was becoming bored with her already. A screen test would bring them together at least twice more.

“It's fun,” he continued dutifully. “It'll amuse you. I'll tell you what to do and help you out.”

“I'd adore it.”

“NOW,” the director said. “You come into the room. You see Jimmie sitting there. He's been away from home for a week. You're sore. You say, in a high-hat voice, ‘Back so early?’ And so on. You can read those lines, if you look up occasionally.”

Marcia left the stage. The lights almost burned her, they were so hot. Jimmie sprawled tolerantly in a chair, the way he always sprawled. The studio became quiet. The cameras started. She went through the ritual.

“Cut,” the director said finally. “That was very good, Miss Malone. Excellent. We'll rush it and have it at eight tonight.”

She and Jimmie sat side by side in the dark. A rectangle of white light flashed on the screen and then the test began. Marcia watched herself with amusement. She seemed a little bit frightened—but she did photograph well. She had always photographed well. Her voice came so distinctly that she thought they must have a wonderful machine in the tiny display room. The film ran to its end—she watched Jimmie more than herself—and the room was bright again. The director got up from his deep leather chair and walked over to them. He took Jimmie's hand.

“Well, son,” he said in a restrained voice, “I guess you've done it again.”

Jimmie's lips were compressed. He nodded. “Yes.”

“Done what?” Marcia asked.

The director beamed on her. “All fall and winter Jimmie is going to be here in New York making pictures with a little lady he found selling flowers last spring in Paris. She's his discovery. Now he's made another—you. You were marvelous, Miss Malone. Brilliant! We're going to send you right out to the west coast. We'll sign you tomorrow.”

“Oh,” Marcia said. “I'd have to go to California?”

The director was still smiling. “Absolutely.”

JIMMIE looked at her with a mixture of pride and disappointment.

But Marcia only laughed. “Why—you mean you're seriously intending to sign me as a motion-picture actress?”

“And,” the director said, “I'm giving odds you'll be starred before a year has passed.”

“But I haven't any intention of going into the movies.”

“What!”

“Jimmie—Mr. Stuyvesant—said this would be fun. So I did it just for fun. I wouldn't go out to California and become an actress for all the money in the world.”

“You mean”—the director's voice was high and frantic—“that you did this just for amusement?”

“Of course.”

The man threw himself into one of the leather chairs. Jimmie took her arm and said, “Come on. Let's get an onion sandwich or something.” He was many times as flabbergasted as the director. He had given her an opportunity a hundred thousand girls would covet, and she had blandly rejected it.

While they ate sandwiches he was silent. One single thought ran through his mind: What did she want? There was only one other possibility.

The Stuyvesants were an old family in New York. Their ancestral house, severe and enormous, had stood on Fifth Avenue for many decades. Before that they had dwelt in Washington Square. There was a page of Stuyvesants in the Social Register. They owned mines and railroads and a steamship line.

Jimmie realized that Marcia had enough money for herself. He had discovered that she did not want a career in the motion pictures. He guessed suddenly that it was social position which Marcia desired.

When, for sport, he had entered the motion pictures and made a film, he had scandalized his relatives. Even his rise to stardom had not placated all of them and Jimmie saw very little of the set into which he had been born. He did not miss that set—although in his new profession he had made very few intimate friends.

He wondered why Marcia would want to be introduced to those people—overdressed, overmannered, and overbearing men, dull dowagers, smug children, conservative and whiskered financiers. And, as he had before, he tested her.

He looked across the table and smiled. “My Aunt Becky—she's Rebecca Scripps Stuyvesant—is giving a little dinner next week. The Olivers will be there and the de Vorses and the Peets. Would you like to come with me? It'll be infinitely tedious.”

Her bright nod again confirmed his belief.

“I can't think of anything on earth I'd like better—even if it is tedious,” she said.

“This time,” he thought, “she'll find what she wants and she'll leave me. Percy Stonham will probably marry her. Or Berry Bently—that sparrow in human form.”

He said, “I'll have my aunt invite you—and I'll call.”

“That,” Marcia replied, “will be heavenly.”

Mrs. Rebecca Scripps Stuyvesant leaned over the pompous napery and lifted her lorgnette. “Really, Miss

Malone, I quite agree with you. Oh, quite. Deauville is insufferable."

Marcia smiled at her. "I can't bear it."

Robert Peet objected. "I think it's passable. The swimming—"

Mrs. Stuyvesant's ample bosom swelled. "Bobby! An opinion has been pronounced."

"Beg pardon, auntie."

Horatio Oliver, the banker, dusted his gray beard and laughed. "In your place, eh, young man?"

Robert sulked.

Jimmie glanced at the radiant Marcia beside him and he drew in a deep breath. She was devouring all this stupidity. She loved it. She was shining for them, smiling with them, laughing at wit so minute that the point escaped one before even the politest smile could be summoned.

Mrs. Stuyvesant leaned again. "And where is your home, my dear?"

Jimmie wanted to shout, "Treville!" He was silent.

"I'm living in New York," Marcia said.

"You have a companion, of course?"

"I hope to find one," Marcia answered.

"Quite so, quite so. In these days no proper girl could think of being without one."

Jimmie fumed and frowned.

Marcia blushed. She was saying it all for him—hoping, praying that she was succeeding, that the impression she was creating would be one of which he could be proud.

It seemed forever before they left.

Jimmie sat in the limousine and said almost coldly, "Well, you made a big hit with my aunt."

"I'm so glad."

"She'll be asking you to all her poisonous functions from now on."

"Oh—I hope so!"

And she did. Marcia went to a tea, and to an opera party, and finally to a ball. In all that time and at all those places she did not see Jimmie once—although she had always expected that he would be there.

Jimmie knew about it. His aunt telephoned every time. "Miss Malone is coming to a tea, James. Won't you also join us? She's such a charming girl—and she's making havoc of half a dozen hearts. On Tuesday I'm going to chaperon her at Larchmont. If you can't come to the tea, perhaps—Tuesday—"

"Sorry, Aunt Becky. Impossible. Busy."

He would heave the telephone book across the room then, or pound the table with his fist.

FOR a whole month the situation was unchanged, except for the fact that they began to complain about Jimmie's work at the studio. "You're supposed to be invariably calm and collected," the director said hotly, one day, "but you act and look as if you were on fire. That isn't your style. You're not a Barrymore. Now—snap out of it!"

Jimmie did not. They commenced to talk about sending him away for a rest. He admitted that he could not eat and that he did not sleep.

He even talked about retiring from the movies altogether.

One evening he could stand it no longer. He telephoned Marcia. She was out. He called every half hour, then, from six thirty until four. After that he wrote a note and sent it by messenger.

"Like to see you. May I?" That was all it said.

It was enough—more than enough—for Marcia. She answered by messenger that he could come that evening if he wished. Say at eight thirty.

He stormed into her apartment. He ripped off his coat and tossed it over a chair. He scowled at her.

Marcia was startled.

"What on earth is the matter?"

"Matter? Matter? Nothing! Nothing's the matter. How are you?"

"I'm very well," she answered dubiously. His behavior had congealed all the gladness and expectation she had felt.

"How are you getting on with my aunt?"

"Oh—she's been lovely to me."

"Yes. Well—I presume you're happy?" His tone was ironic, hard. She could not understand it.

"I don't like to see you in such a mood," she said slowly. "I was happy—terribly happy—when I received your note. I put it with the first letter I got from you."

The words had escaped involuntarily. Her cheeks reddened.

Jimmie lighted a cigarette and rose from his chair as if he were sick to death of it. He walked around the room, glared through the kitchen door at Fedora, and stopped beside the cactus garden which grew in a china bowl.

THE mention of another letter jogged his mind. He had written no other letter. She was still trying to play the idiotic game with which they had commenced their relationship—the game he had thought was so charming until he found she was a social climber. Well, it was time to call her bluff. He felt that she should be punished. He decided to punish her.

"Oh. My other letter, eh? Well—why don't you let me see my other letter? I'd be interested."

Her face was crimson. "I didn't mean to mention it."

"Absolutely not. But show it to me anyway."

The telephone rang. Fedora answered in the bedroom and said, "For you, Miss Malone."

She started toward the bedroom.

"Bring the letter," he said.

Marcia came back with a letter. Her eyes avoided his when she handed it to him. Jimmie looked at it and recognized the signature. He sat down with incredulity in his eyes. He read:

DEAR MISS MALONE:

You wrote me that you were sixteen and not unattractive and that you loved me. The first two I do not doubt, but I must advise you about the third. The people we love when we are sixteen aren't the people we love when we're twenty—or even eighteen.

But I do appreciate your letter. It was just about the first fan letter—you don't mind my calling it that?—I've received. Of course my part in Anniversary was small. Not many people noticed me. I'm glad you did.

I'm glad, too, you liked the dog I had in the picture. I hope your Jennifer lives to a ripe old age.

Sincerely,
JAMES STUYVESANT.

Jimmie vaguely remembered his first fan letter. He had answered every letter in those early days.

Marcia changed the subject which was in his mind. "That was your aunt on the telephone. I had a date with her to meet Prince Rudolph. Broke it cold."

Jimmie nodded. "On account of me," he said in a strained voice. "I suppose you know how my aunt hates date breakers? She'll be out to wreck you socially now."

"I don't care," Marcia answered miserably. "I tried to be nice to those people because they were your friends."

Jimmie's face became passive and strong, as it did in the pictures. His voice partook of a thrilling quality, however, that was better than anything he had ever recorded. He had found out what Marcia wanted. She wanted him.

"I see," he said slowly. "I see clearly. Someone ought to spank me with a hairbrush. But I'll tell you how to get out of that embarrassment with my aunt. I'm sure she'll forgive you tomorrow when she finds out that you broke your date tonight in order to get married!"

Marcia turned toward him incredulously.

The scene which followed was like a fade-out; but Marcia was not jealous of the girl who participated in it with Jimmie Stuyvesant.

THE END

Reading Time: 20 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

A Short Short Story

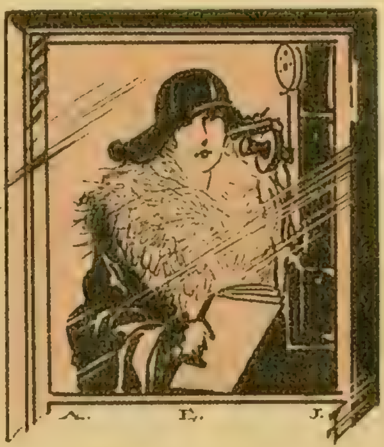
(Reading time: 5 minutes 39 seconds.)

By MAUDE WILLIAMSON

THEY had to wait over an hour in Chicago between trains for the coast. Zeta had dreaded that hour ever since they left New York. Walking through the gate, Bob said, "Rotten station, isn't it? Let's take a ride. There's a chap on Fourteenth Street I want to see, and then—"

"You go, Bob," she interrupted him. "Let me wait here. I'd rather. I'll read or something."

He squeezed her hand. "Righto. Sit here, then, while I get you some books."



She sat on the hard bench and looked around. Nothing had changed. Even the dingy wooden floors were the same. . . . And that peculiar, railroady smell. . . . It brought back memories. . . .

Bob stood before her, carrying magazines and a paper. He dropped them in her lap and thumbed the pages of a popular weekly. "Here we are. '*Reading time: 20 minutes 10 seconds,*'" he laughed.

"That's a darn' clever stunt—allotting time for a yarn. Read this one, and when you get to the last word I'll be back. Nothing'll happen to my girl in twenty minutes!"

"Of course not," she said, and watched him stride away.

"Maybe!" she thought. She felt suddenly cold. She buttoned her smart coat and picked up the silver fox lying beside her.

She tried to read; but, as if a pair of eyes were boring into her back, she turned and looked at the corner near the women's room.

The corner was empty. But Zeta could see there a wild-eyed girl, sitting on the edge of the bench, twisting a damp handkerchief round stiff fingers. The girl was waiting for Larry. Larry, with his shiny black hair and deep-set eyes; Larry, who loved her and was going to take her away. She remembered his arms. The sound of his voice which had so often said, "Don't worry, kid. I'm going to marry you as soon as we get out of Chi. Sure, I love you, kid."

And she had loved him, too. Frighteningly. Foreverly! She had coined that word, at eighteen, to express her very special adoration of Larry. "And I haven't changed," she thought bitterly now. "No use lying to myself. I don't love Bob—dear as he is. Not the way I should. I'm going to tell him I can't go on."

She had not cared if she was a—a bad girl. Larry knew she was good. She belonged to him. She always would. He wanted to be married in a town in Michigan, he said, because his mother lived there. A garden. Maybe a baby, too. . . .

The girl had sat there until eight o'clock. The station lights were turned on. People came and went, but Larry hadn't appeared. Frantically she had called his house. They told her he had given up his room that morning. Then she had felt certain he'd been run over, maybe killed, on his way to the station. But none of the hospitals—and she had phoned them all—knew anything about a man named Laurence Bell. . . .

For two months she had gone on working in the store. Each day had seemed a year, because it brought no word of Larry.

Then she had spent her last dollar getting to New York. She would begin life over. . . .

For five years she had worked hard and learned rapidly. She had shut men out of her life. But six months ago, after she had been given her first important position in the firm, she had met Bob.

At the end of three months he had said simply, "I love you, Zeta. Will you marry me?"

Until that moment she had only wanted to be left to herself. But when Bob said, "I love you, Zeta," she knew she was blanketed in loneliness.

"I—I'm awfully fond of you, Bob," she had answered, "but I won't marry you. There has been another—"

He had gathered her into his arms. "Don't be antediluvian, honey. I'm not cross-examining you. I love you. Besides, I've not been a gilt cherub myself!"

Still, she had not married him. She couldn't, as long as Larry's features blurred Bob's when she raised her face to his kisses. . . . She couldn't. . . .

A porter was passing. "Please stay with these bags until I come back," she said.

Of course it was foolish, but she had to try. She thought of one or two people whom Larry had known, who might have heard from him.

She found but one of the names listed. She dropped in a nickel and called the number. The thought of again speaking Larry's name filled her with a nostalgia so overpowering that she thought her knees would give way.

Then she heard the busy buzz. With an aching relief she threw open the door of the booth. A shallow derby rolled on the floor.

"Oh—oh, I beg your pardon!" she gasped.

The man stooping over the hat straightened up. "'Sall right," he laughed—and she saw his face.

"Larry!"

HE looked at her questioningly. He wore a light overcoat, too tightly fitted, with elaborate padded shoulders. "Well, if it isn't Zeta!" His eyes roved over her. "Lookin' like a thousand grand! How you been, Zeta?"

She wanted to run. She wanted to scream.

The man winked. "Married?"

She shook her head.

A cigarette clung to his lower lip. "Say, what you doin' tonight, Zeta? I got a little friend comin' in now, but I'll take her to—"

"You needn't," Zeta said quietly. "I am only here between trains."

She was smiling now. "What you laughin' at?" he asked uneasily.

"Nothing," she answered. "I was thinking how much stranger truth is than fiction." She turned to leave. "Good-by, Larry."

"So long. Sorry you won't let me buy you a drink!"

At the foot of the stairs she looked back. The light overcoat was moving toward the train shed. . . .

Zeta picked up the magazine, still open where she had left it.

Then she saw Bob rushing toward her, his watch in his hand.

"How's that, lady? Twenty minutes nine seconds—one left over! Your story finished?"

She smiled up at him. "All finished," she said. "That one is! What shall we do now?"

He sat beside her and covered both of her hands. "Well, I could suggest several things. But the best plan I have you always squelch—"

"You mean being married, Bob?"

"How'd you guess it?"

"It wasn't hard," she laughed. "And, Bob, I'd like to be married to you—in Chicago!"

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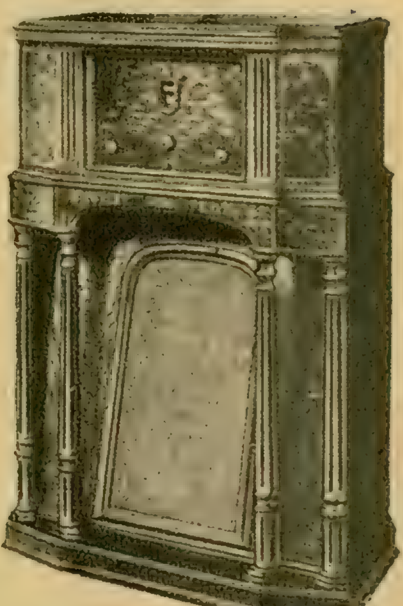

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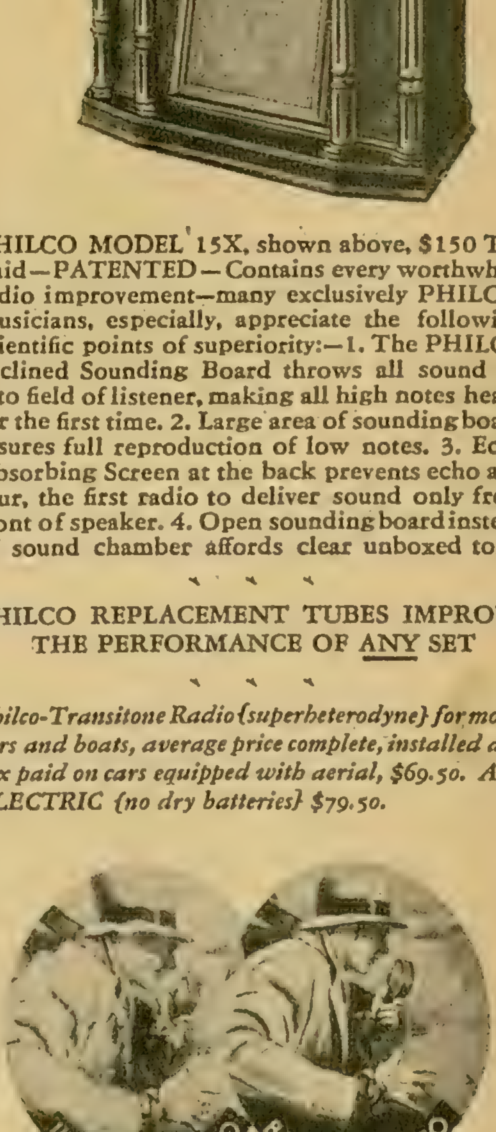


How to Choose

Some Sound Advi

MRS. FRANKLI

Decorations

(Reading time: 7 minutes 35 seconds.)

"MY dear, of course you must vote for the best man." Two women sat over their teacups, talking politics. A new thing, you will say, for women to discuss; but the day has come when it is not so rare to find women really interested in political questions—only they are still rather new at the game and sometimes certain things are rather bewildering to them. This woman, told so casually to vote for the best man, sat back in her chair and folded her hands and calmly inquired, "And how do I decide who the best man is?" And then the discussion began.

"The best man," said her friend, "is the man whose character makes you feel sure that he will do his job well."

"Yes," objected the other woman; "but few jobs are done by one man alone. Nearly all results depend upon the coöperation of several men working together. I live in a small village; if one official elected to office is not of the same political party as another, the government of the village is almost at a standstill, for they will not coöperate, and each one is seeking political advantage for his party and will not allow the other one to accomplish anything for fear that it will redound to the credit of the other political party."

This is party spirit which transcends the good of the people! On the whole it seems better to work with our parties and vote with our parties when we can; but when we are convinced that certain men more nearly stand for what we believe in, then it is well to vote for what we think will benefit our country as a whole, even though we cast aside our party.

If we vote for the "best man," however, we must be sure that he has the quality of leadership which not only gets him elected but preserves for him a sufficient personal following so he can put through his program.

There is little doubt that a man, no matter how fine his character, can accomplish results in political office in only two ways. One is to have the support of a number of other men belonging to the same political faith.

The other is more precarious but just as effective if it is a time when public opinion can be aroused to back the program on which the leader has been elected; then—even if his party followers are in the minority—he will win over enough of the opposition on the pure merit of his case, because they will hear from their constituents.

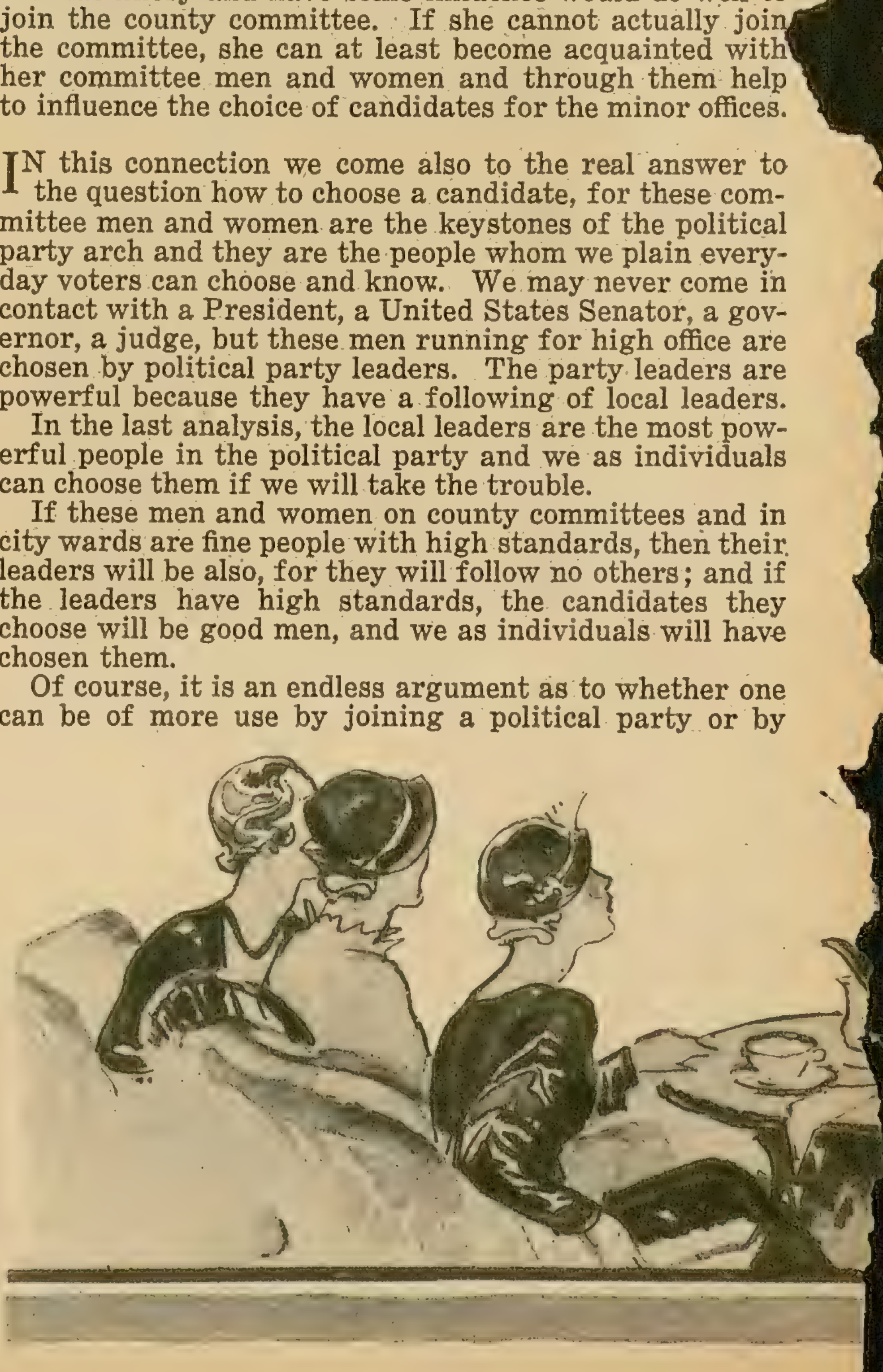
If one party stays in power over a long period of time, it follows inevitably that standards of political honesty are apt to deteriorate. It is healthy always to have two strong parties representing different points of view. If you are too sure that no one can bother you, and that no one is keeping an eagle eye on you, you are very apt not to do your best. Just so, when two good men are put up to oppose each other, each one is on his mettle to prove that his ideas are the best and will really be of the greatest advantage to the community. And I feel that the value of our two-party system lies in keeping an even balance between the two, and not letting either one become too secure at any time. One of the great arguments for belonging to a political party is the possibility that it gives an individual to have some say in the choice of candidates who are to represent that party. The influence is most easily exerted in small groups, and therefore it seems to me that any woman who really wants to understand political machinery and have some influence would do well to join the county committee. If she cannot actually join the committee, she can at least become acquainted with her committee men and women and through them help to influence the choice of candidates for the minor offices.

IN this connection we come also to the real answer to the question how to choose a candidate, for these committee men and women are the keystones of the political party arch and they are the people whom we plain everyday voters can choose and know. We may never come in contact with a President, a United States Senator, a governor, a judge, but these men running for high office are chosen by political party leaders. The party leaders are powerful because they have a following of local leaders.

In the last analysis, the local leaders are the most powerful people in the political party and we as individuals can choose them if we will take the trouble.

If these men and women on county committees and in city wards are fine people with high standards, then their leaders will be also, for they will follow no others; and if the leaders have high standards, the candidates they choose will be good men, and we as individuals will have chosen them.

Of course, it is an endless argument as to whether one can be of more use by joining a political party or by



a CANDIDATE

Women Voters from

. ROOSEVELT

HARLES DE FEO

remaining independent, or whether one accomplishes anything by occasionally repudiating the party to which one belongs. But I feel that the consensus of opinion in this country is rapidly growing to be that the average voter has a right to demand that the party to which he belongs conform to high standards of political honesty, and that this means a right to demand the nomination of men who will ably represent those standards. This point of view, I think, has its good effect upon both political parties, and therefore my lady over her teacups had every right to be considering not only which party she believed in, but which would really be the best man.

IN judging political candidates, just as in judging men in the everyday world, there are certain fundamental characteristics which we always look for. First, a man or woman (for occasionally we do have women candidates) must be honest—not merely honest where money is concerned, but intellectually honest. This means actually thinking through the questions which they as candidates are going to be obliged to answer. When they reach conclusions, they should be willing to tell the people what they are, and to stand by their convictions, whether they happen to be popular at the moment or not.

Second, the ability to coöperate with other men is almost an essential quality for any man in public life. Men in public life must be able to listen to the other man's point of view, to give thought to his arguments, to acknowledge any fallacies in their own ideas, and change them if they become convinced that they are wrong. On the other hand, they must be able, once they have made up their minds as to a course of action, to work for it and fight for it regardless of all opposition. These characteristics are fundamentals absolutely necessary for any man in politics.

Women must remember, however, that great bodies move slowly and that in a democracy any change comes gradually; and this, perhaps, is just as well. It gives the mass of the people an opportunity to be sure that they know what they are doing. No reform can be carried through in a democracy unless not only a few leaders are convinced that it is good, but the great number of people who make up the nation as a whole are willing to honestly approve of it. Therefore, though we may at times feel that political action is very slow, it may be just as well in the long run, and a man who recognizes this and is willing to wait till public opinion is educated usually accomplishes more than the man who tries to force people to new ideas before they are ready for them.

A leader must always be one step ahead of his followers, but if he is ten steps ahead, he may be cut off and lose for them and for himself the strength of his leadership and of their following.

In thinking of candidates for public office, we should also take into consideration that different times require different men and different qualities. It is often said that certain conditions in the past produced the men to cope with them, and in a sense this is usually true. Theodore Roosevelt was needed in this country to awaken a sense of civic responsibility in the young men of his day. He sounded a new note in politics, and his life and character were sufficiently dramatic to give him a following.

Wilson, though he stood apart from the people in many ways, had the gift of giving them a certain spiritual outlook which carried them through the war. When it was over, there came a reaction, for the human engine does not seem able to stand high tension of any kind for more than a certain length of time, and to recuperate, people wanted to be left alone, and Coolidge came as an answer to the call of his time.

Each of these men had different characteristics which probably met the desires of the people of their day. Sometimes the people are ready to take a big leap forward with an idealist; sometimes they must stop and assimilate what has been done with the practical men of affairs. Both types are necessary, but we must look in either type of leader for our two fundamental qualities—honesty and true humility, which is the only thing which makes coöperation possible.

If we consider our candidates with all these points in mind, and if we take the trouble to study the problems of the world as they come to us day by day, there is little doubt in my mind that we women over the teacups will not go so far wrong when we choose our party or when we choose the "best man."

THE END

A Story for Those Who Believe in Hunches

By

ROSE FRANKEN

Pictures by **DELOS PALMER**

We're

(Reading time: 22 minutes 27 seconds.)

ANDY says he tells this story better than I do. Technically I suppose he does; but morally he has a convenient way of skipping over all the places where his feet weren't quite so firmly planted as he likes to think they were. You see, he still has an idea that it's beneath his dignity to admit that there might be such a thing as spirits; but I have no reputation to uphold, so I'm perfectly willing to give an unbiased account of everything that happened.

Last August we decided to move back to town. After looking at all the new apartments, we both, oddly enough, fell in love with a rambling old place near Gramercy Park. The agent said that we could take possession any time we wished, as the previous tenant had died a few weeks before and the estate had offered to dispose of the furnishings as soon as the apartment was rented.

"Maybe some people don't like to move in where there's been a death," amended the agent hastily. "But this was an old person, and that makes a difference."

"Oh, we're not superstitious," said Andy largely, and the next day we signed the lease.

We had been living there most happily for about a month, when a Mr. Smith called one afternoon, and introduced himself as the nephew of Mrs. Nancy Clay Smith, the former occupant.

"I hate to intrude upon you," he apologized with a nice English accent, "but I was abroad when my aunt's furniture was put in storage, and I'm most awfully anxious to recover a small box which I think was left behind in one of the closets."

True, we had found the box, and I gave it to him. He reached for it eagerly and untied the string. "Ah!" he whispered as he lifted the cover and gazed within. Then he held it so that I too could see the contents, which, after all, were only some very ordinary little ivory elephants swathed in cotton for safe-keeping.

"You have a little boy," said Mr. Smith. I nodded. He closed the box. "These are for him," he announced with a strange quality of suppressed emotion in his voice.

"But really," I demurred, wondering why he had bothered to call for the trinkets if he was simply going to give them away. "Really, there's no reason why Junior should deprive you of these."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Smith, "there is every reason. You see—" He hesitated a moment and then ended up in a little burst: "My aunt would like him to have them."

"But I thought your aunt was dead!" I stammered.

"She is," he replied. "She died three months ago. But she visits you often," he added, quite as if he thought that I would be pleased at the news.

Of course I thought he was joking; but his next words made me sit down abruptly to keep my knees from knocking together. He said, "She is probably in the room with us this moment. I feel her presence very strongly."

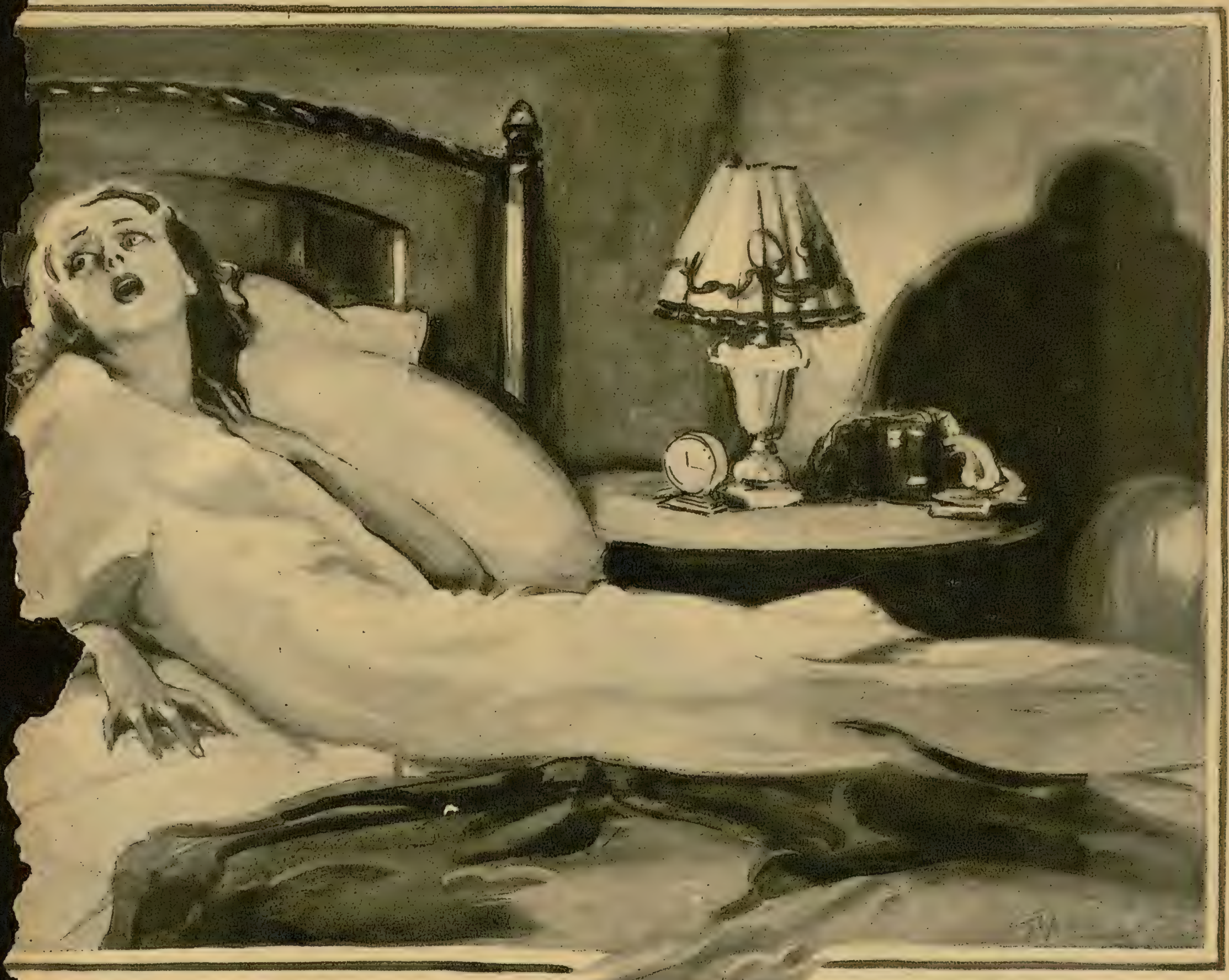
My thoughts slithered around in such confusion that I simply couldn't harness them into an intelligible reply, so I just sat there and gaped.

"Please don't think me hysterical," Mr. Smith continued with a faint smile. "I assure you I have proof of what I say."

"Proof!" I repeated faintly.

"Yes," said Mr. Smith. "This box. When I was in London about a fortnight ago, I arranged a séance with a very well known English medium. Conditions were excellent and Aunt Nancy came through with remarkable evidence. She told me that a small box had been left here in her closet, and that in the box I would find four of the little ivory elephants from her curio cabinet. She asked me to give them to your little boy with all her love."

At that moment, exactly as if it were his cue in a play, *I FELT a light touch on my shoulder, and saw a tall form etched against the blackness. The scream I let out must have been heard for miles.*



All Marvelous

Junior came bounding in from the park; and before I could interfere Mr. Smith had formally presented him with the gift.

"What do you say for such a nice present?" prompted Fräulein from the doorway, ignorant, fortunately, of its peculiar history.

"Thank you!" cried Junior, and the cold shivers ran up and down my back while I watched him gather the beasts in his small plump hands and love them.

MR. SMITH stayed a few minutes longer, and then, his errand performed, he departed from my life as suddenly as he had entered it. As the door closed after him I felt a wave of panic and resentment that he should go away and leave his dead aunt in my house. I couldn't even report it to the superintendent of the building, as one would report cockroaches or mice—he would think I was demented.

This gave me an idea. Perhaps Mr. Smith was demented. "He is an escaped lunatic," I persuaded myself grimly. "And you'll be one too if you're not careful."

Then all at once, as if someone had neatly placed the idea in the front of my mind, I remembered an old book on spiritualism that Andy had discarded as junk when he rearranged the bookshelves. I unearthed it, finally, from a pile of ancient novels and almanacs, and blew the dust from it.

It was a thick, authoritative-looking volume by Conan Doyle, and the first page to which I turned showed a photographic reproduction of a spirit form. The goose flesh crawled out all over me and the firm ground of reality fairly rocked beneath my feet; for there, in black and white, was a substantiation of Mr. Smith's fantastic tale.

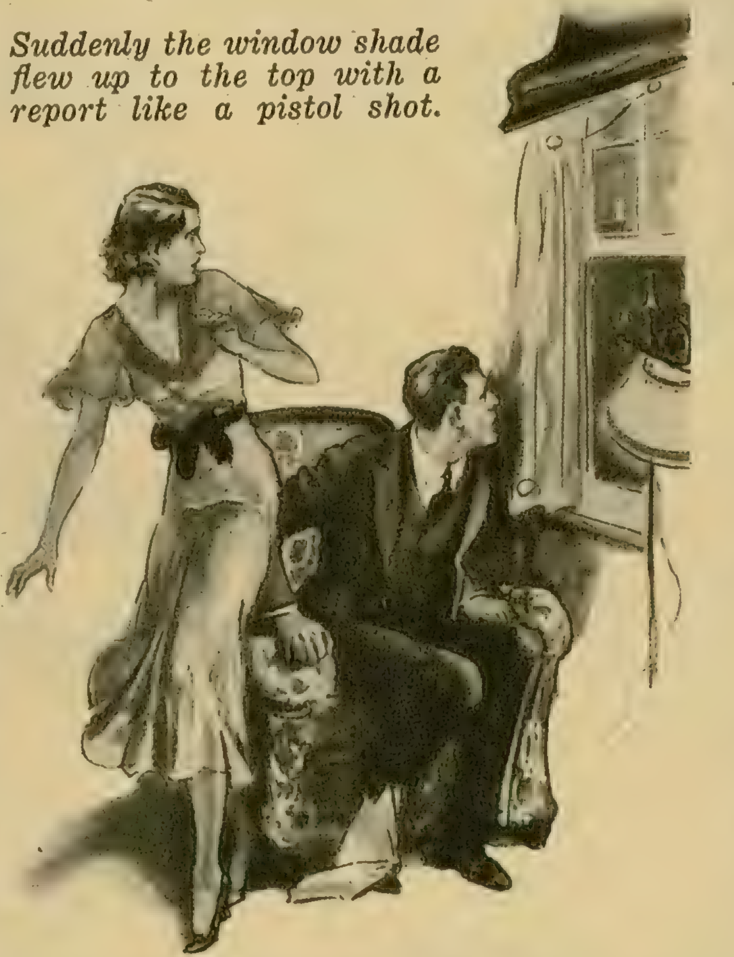
But when Andy came home a few minutes later, he dismissed the entire affair with a manly wave of his hand and said, "Bologny!" Now, "bologny" is a word which

I particularly dislike; yet he repeated it no less than half a dozen times during the course of my recital. "Read Doyle's book, then!" I cried in exasperation. "See what real scientists have to say on the subject!"

Andy said, "I wouldn't believe them anyway." But nevertheless, he picked the book up after supper, and never put it down until he'd finished it.

"Now will you say 'Bologny'?" I demanded triumphantly.

He deliberately pursed his lips, and was just about to form the syllables when suddenly, without the slightest warning, the window shade flew up to the top with a report like a pistol shot.



Suddenly the window shade flew up to the top with a report like a pistol shot.

Well, I can't begin to describe to you what my heart did inside of my chest; and if Andy should ever tell you that he didn't give a pretty spry leap himself, he's just simply a liar. He almost hit the ceiling. Naturally, he tried to cough it off, and inquired sardonically, "I suppose a shade never flew up before? I suppose you think it's Aunt Nancy?"

I said I wasn't thinking any more that evening, and would he please make the light in the bathroom for me. "I can't reach the switch," I explained coldly, in case he should think I was afraid of the dark.

As a matter of fact I could hardly walk straight, and I would have given anything if I hadn't turned modern, when we moved, and held out for separate bedrooms. Andy had sulked about it in the beginning, but now, unfortunately, he was quite fond of the arrangement because he didn't have to be neat. To make things worse, he didn't even invite me to visit him that night, and I was too proud to suggest it. I kept hanging around, and he kept grinning and saying, "Good night, dearie!" Finally I said, "Good night and all right for you!" Then I turned my back on him and went in my own room and slammed the door hard, taking care to open it again very stealthily.

I felt fairly comfortable as long as I saw his light burning; but after he put it out I pulled the covers over my head and counted sheep as fast as I could. But the sheep, being white, looked spooky; so I changed them to pigs and gave them all faces like Andy's, and that helped me quite a lot. I got sleepy eventually and dozed off.

Suddenly I felt a very light touch on my shoulder, and there, bending over my bed, I saw a tall form etched against the blackness.

The scream that I let out must have been heard for miles around. And then Andy's voice said mildly, "It's only me."

I was furious. "It's only you!" I threw back at him. "Well, what do you mean by walking around and scaring the wits out of people! Haven't you got anything else to do?"

Andy was perfectly sweet and reasonable about it. He said he hadn't meant to frighten me. He said he had only wanted to tell me that if I couldn't sleep I should come into his bed. Or vice versa.

In one way it was lucky that the stock market began to slump around that time, because it took my mind off Aunt Nancy. For a while I was so busy being Wife to Depressed Husband that I had no time to think of spirits. Andy's salary was cut almost a third, and to make matters worse he was sold out on Radio and General Electric. We had already reduced our expenses by giving up the Westchester house, but it wasn't enough. I still kept a French cook and a German nurse, so I dismissed them both and engaged a newly landed Irish girl.

However, it wasn't so bad to be poor after one got used to it. There was only one thing that I really minded: being alone in that big empty apartment whenever Annie went out with Junior. Things always happened as soon as I was by myself. Twice the doorbell rang and when I answered it no one was there. And once a picture fell off the wall for no reason at all. When I told Andy about it, he said, "Well, what d'you expect when you put it up with a thumb tack?" But that's ridiculous. I've put pictures up with thumb tacks all my life and they never fell.

Then, one morning while I was making Junior's bed I heard a low moaning sound that came from near the south window. This was too much. Aunt Nancy probably used to sit by that window during her last days! I fled the house, and phoned Andy from the corner drug store: "Andy! I heard moaning! I swear I did. Real moaning!"

"Like this?" said Andy. He made a low, weird sound.

"Yes, yes!" I cried. "Exactly like that! Have you ever heard it, Andy—have you?"

"Sure," said Andy. "Lots of times. Screw up your courage, run on home, stick your head out of the window, and you'll find some pigeons making love."

The pigeons were a feather in Andy's cap. He teased me unmercifully and said that all so-called supernatural phenomena could eventually be traced to animals, moonlight, wind, and smoke. I told him that he was just too smart to live, and he ought to write a book on the subject. "Call it Men are Marvelous!" I added scathingly.

He irritated me frightfully by his attitude, because, for all his pooh-poohing, he'd never once explained the ivory elephants. "How," I'd ask him time and again, "did a medium in England know that they were in a closet in America?"

"Lots of ways," said Andy. "I suppose I'll have to *prove* it's a fake by showing you one of these birds in action," he suddenly decided one evening while we were arguing the subject.

"You mean have a sitting like Mr. Smith had in London?"

"Yes," said Andy. "I mean just that."

"But it will probably be expensive," I demurred, with extremely cold feet.

Andy said, "It'll be cheaper than putting you in a sanitarium for the feeble-minded. Go over to the Association for Spiritual Investigation tomorrow and find out if you can get a medium up here."

I thought it rather odd that he should want me to handle the matter, but I knew he had a lot on his mind at the time, and like a perfect idiot I walked into the trap.

He was very interested in my visit to the association and encouraged me to give him all the details.

"Mrs. Lawson, the secretary, was very sensible," I said. "She's sending us a Mr. Grey—he's a clairaudient; he just sits here in the room, and if there are any spirits around he hears what they say and tells us about it. Mrs. Lawson says that later on we can have a dark sitting with a trumpet medium. But that's sort of scary, she says, because you get all sorts of phenomena when the room is dark."

"I don't doubt it," said Andy smoothly. "When the room is dark. You told this Mrs. Lawson all about Aunt Nancy, didn't you, dear?"

"Why, yes," I said. "And she was terribly interested. She wants to know the results of the séance, because she said it might make some very valuable material for the Journal."

"I see," continued

(Continued on page twenty-two)

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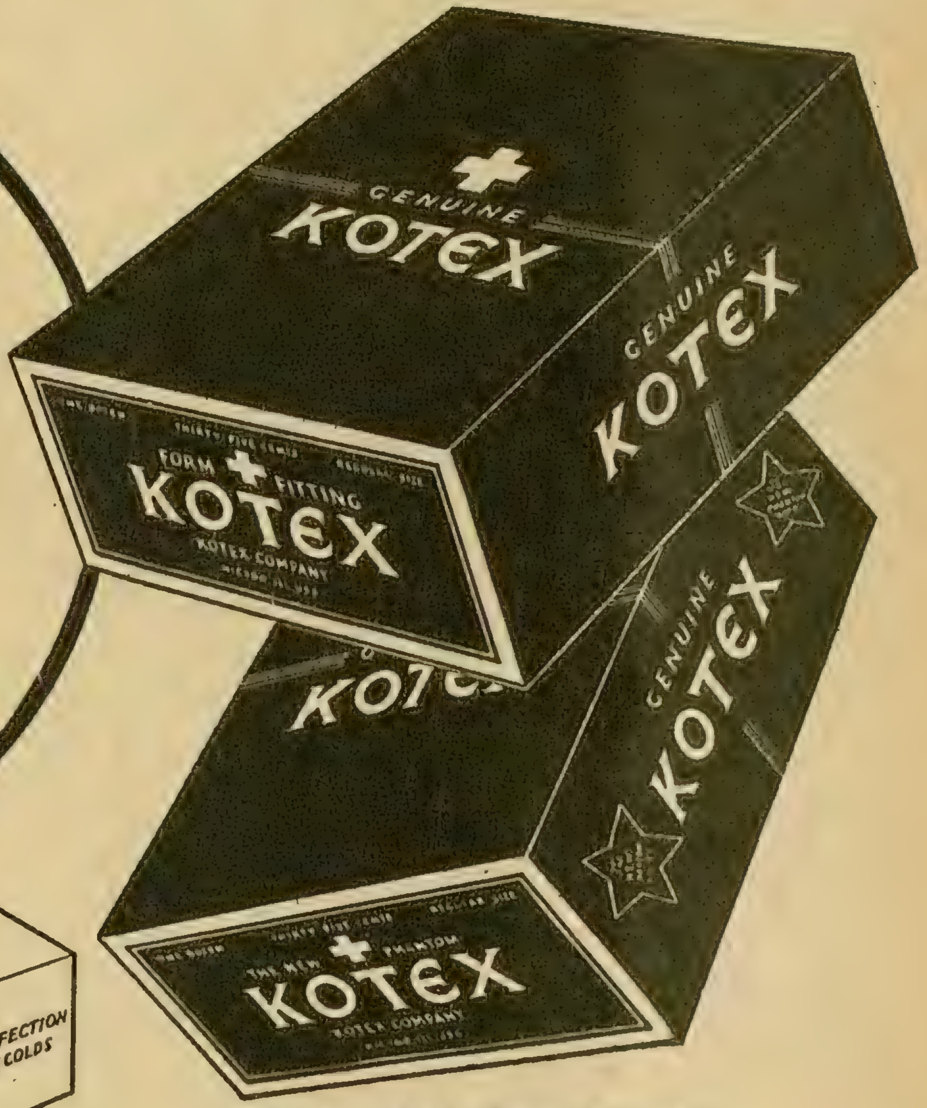
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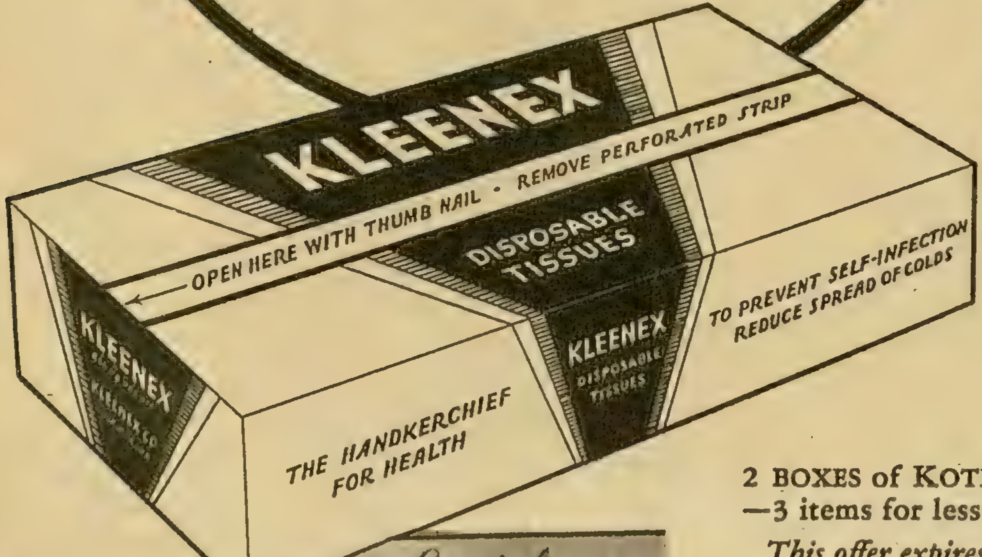
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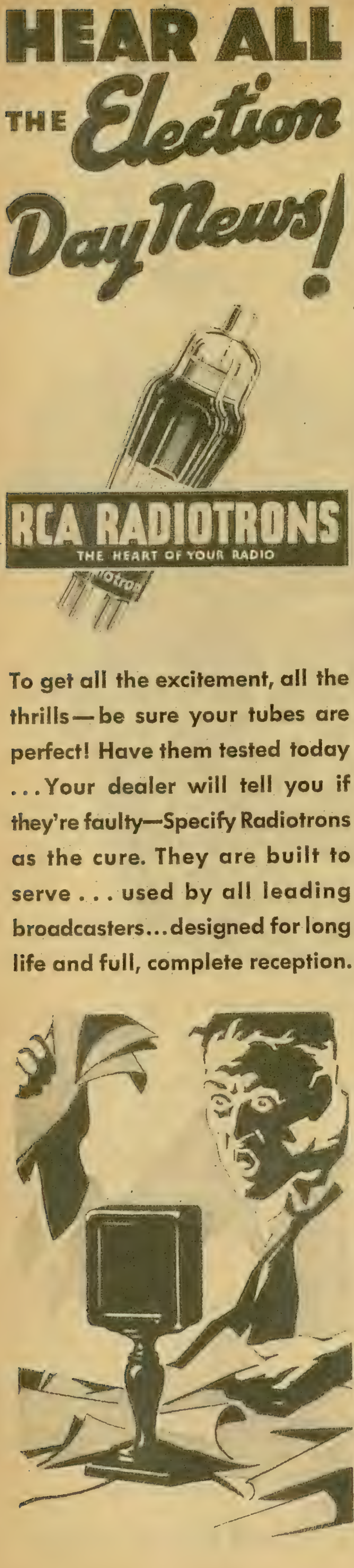

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(Continued from page twenty)

Andy in a voice like thick sirup. "And you told her that I wanted to talk to dad too, I presume?"

There was something about his manner that I didn't like. I looked at him suspiciously. "My God, but you've got a rotten mind, Andy!" I said slowly.

"Not at all," said Andy pleasantly. "But I'm willing to bet dollars to doughnuts that both Aunt Nancy and dad come through."

"Then you should have warned me to be discreet!" I cried angrily.

"Why should I," replied Andy, "when the sole object of this experiment is to prove that you're a little jackass?" With that he dropped a light exultant kiss upon my ear and danced around the room on his toes. But I was too angry to laugh at him, because I knew that he was right.

Mr. Grey appeared promptly at eight o'clock the following evening. He was a young man, quite pretty, whose first name was Percival, which didn't make matters any better. He told us all about himself before he began the séance. He said that when he was a little boy of four he used to talk to his dead grandfather, and that when he was eight he did automatic writing in Italian, of which he knew not a single word. I thought it was very interesting to hear the inside story of a medium; but Andy spoiled my whole pleasure by making horrid faces.

Finally Mr. Grey closed his blue eyes, and the first thing he did was to announce the presence of Andy's father. Andy's father said that it was difficult for him to say much, as this was his first attempt to communicate with the earth plane. He told us how wonderful it was on the Other Side, and how happy it made him to be able to talk to his son. After a few more words he went away, and Aunt Nancy took his place.

I kept my eyes in my lap to avoid Andy's gloating grin. I didn't even listen to what was being said until I heard Junior's name. Aunt Nancy said that she had been in the park with him that afternoon and he had eaten too many peanuts. "You had better give him a good dose of castor oil," she finished up.

NEEDLESS to say, I rushed into Junior's room as soon as Mr. Grey departed, and felt his head. It was cool, thank goodness, and in the morning he ate his breakfast as usual, and trotted off to kindergarten happy as a lark.

I said to Andy, "For heaven's sake, *say* something and stop sitting there buttering your toast with that idiotic smile on your face!"

Andy said unctuously, "*You* say something, sweetheart!"

"You're marvelous!" I returned with devastating irony.

To be perfectly candid, I did think he was marvelous, for he had very tidily convinced me that spirit communication was a combination of hysteria, coincidence, and trickery—in short, an easy snare for the soft-minded. For the first time since Mr. Smith's visit my home was freed of the shadow of Aunt Nancy, and after Andy went downtown I turned the mattresses and dusted all the bottoms of the chairs in my exuberance and gratitude. I yanked Mr. Doyle from his prominent position on the library desk, thumbed my nose at him, and put him back among the junk.

At noon Junior came home from kindergarten. I kissed him hurriedly, and went into the kitchen to fix his lunch while Annie divested him of coat and leggings.

"Nice choppy," I tempted him coyly, carrying the tray into the nursery to save sweeping the dining-room rug after him. But Junior said he didn't want any chop. "No chop, no chocolate pudding," I countered firmly. He said he didn't want any chocolate pudding either, and leaned his head on the bed with his little behind bent up into the air. I touched my lips to the back of his neck, and immediately took his temperature. It was a hundred and one. My legs shook.

AFTER I had somehow gotten a dose of oil down him and put him to bed, I telephoned Andy. "Junior's sick," I said with significant deliberation. "I found an empty peanut bag in his pocket."

"Well, he'll get over it," replied Andy cheerfully.

"You seem," I continued, "to forget what Aunt Nancy told us last night."

"Bologny!" said Andy promptly.

"You're ungrateful!" I cried. "Aunt Nancy's watching over us and you haven't got the sense to realize it!"

"Oh, yeah?" said Andy. "Well, ask her how we can pay next month's rent, will you?"

I banged up the receiver. I could just imagine how he would get my goat if I was a spirit trying to put over evidence. Yet I envied him his equilibrium. Here I was, all in a stew again, not knowing what to believe.

But to be on the safe side I hot-footed it to the library and put Mr. Doyle back again upon the desk.

Junior's shrill cry jerked me to normality. "Mother!" he shrieked. "Come quick!"

For the next two hours he kept me very busy. Then all at once he began to feel wonderful. His temperature went down and he demanded food and entertainment. I felt anything but social, so I gave him several old magazines and a blunt scissors, and sat down wearily beside him while he hacked out pictures with long brutal incisions and waved them in my face for commendation. He soon tired of this and asked me for a pad and pencil. "Watch me," he said. "Watch me write the alphabet to X Y Z."

I watched him. I never brag about Junior (although his intelligence test rated 157, which means he is practically a genius), but it's very unusual for a little boy not quite five to write the alphabet. He adores writing it, and while he was absorbed in the task I inconspicuously removed myself from his vicinity and asked Annie to take my place while I lay down for a few minutes. When I finally forced my eyes open, I saw that it was after six.

I rushed guiltily into Junior's room. For once Annie had shown some initiative. She had washed him, given him his supper, and cleared the bed of toys, massing them in a great uneven pile upon the window seat. He was already half asleep, and woke up just long enough to announce firmly that he wasn't asleep. I knew he'd be wide awake in a jiffy if I put the light out, so I tidied the room and sorted the toys, returning them to the closet where they belonged, and throwing away the sheets of paper that were scribbled with potential houses, trees, and animals. Suddenly I was arrested by a page of his funny, drunken printing, with the letters mixed up quite as if he were trying to write. I thought, "How cunning of him!" And sure enough, the first three letters did form a word! BUY. I must show it to him in the morning; he would be delighted.

Then, as I was about to put the paper in a drawer, I noted the arrangement of the final letters: DUCTS. No, not DUCTS, but PRODUCTS. This was strange. I sat down in a chair and separated the center letters. These made no sense to me: LENDRIX. But the grouping, as a whole, undoubtedly formed a sentence: "Buy Lendrix Products."

AT that very moment Andy's key sounded in the latch. I rushed out into the hall.

"Andy!" I said without preamble. "Is there any such thing as Lendrix Products?"

Andy paused with his coat half off and looked at me sharply. "What d'you mean—where'd you hear about Lendrix Products?"

"What is it?" I demanded.

"One of the most speculative stocks on the market," said Andy. "Why d'you ask?"

For answer I held out the paper. He recognized Junior's handiwork and my transcription beneath. "Well. Where'd the kid get hold of this, anyhow?" he asked with a short laugh.

I said with an effort, "I don't know. And, what's more, I'm afraid to think."

"What's the rest of it read?"

"I haven't looked yet. I found it just before you came in."

"Well, let's decipher it," said Andy with an air of amused condescension. He went into the library (with his coat still on, mind you) and sat down at the desk, laying the paper before him.

At first glance the remaining lines seemed to be merely a jumble of Junior's unsure letters, all run together without rhyme or reason: THISMESSAGEISFORYOUDONOTLIVEINIGNORANCEANDDARKNESS. But after a few minutes' concentration we evolved the following: "This mes-

KILL MOUTH GERMS
AND
ENJOY *better health*

In your mouth—in every normal mouth — millions of bacteria breed. Among them are frequently found the dangerous germs associated with colds, catarrh, and sore throat.

Your common sense tells you that the cleaner you keep the surfaces of your mouth, and the more bacteria you kill, the less the danger of infection.

Twice-a-day gargling with Listerine is a simple, pleasant formula for maintaining oral health. The moment Listerine enters the mouth, it begins to kill germs. When the liquid is expelled after gargling, it carries with it millions of bacteria swept from mouth and throat surfaces.

Remember that, although it kills germs, full strength Listerine is pleasant and safe in action. Contrast its safe action with that of untried mouth washes so harsh they damage delicate membranes.

Make up your mind to guard yourself against ordinary colds and sore throat. Gargle with full strength Listerine every morning and every night. By so doing, you fight mouth infections and at the same time you know that you are rendering your breath sweet and agreeable.

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Gargle twice daily with

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The Peepul's Choice!
Ingram's Shaving
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INGRAM'S

COOL SHAVES!

NOW is the time for all good shavers to come to the aid of their faces! For even in these torrid times, Ingram's Shaving Cream is COOL!

This cool cream comes in a jar or in a tube. The jar saves you money. The tube saves you trouble. And both save you from the stinging, burning annoyances of hot shaving creams!

Into each tube and every jar go three special constituents. They make the lather feel like a tonic and a lotion, as well as a shaving cream!

Take on a jar or a tube of Ingram's today! Your druggist has both. If you don't want to buy before you've tried Ingram's coolness—send in the coupon with a 2¢ stamp and we'll send you ten cool shaves.

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110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
I enclose a 2-cent stamp.

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Street__________
City__________ State__________

sage is for you. Do not live in ignorance and darkness."

Andy looked at me and I looked at Andy. Both of us had the same horrible thought, but neither of us dared voice it: Junior was a medium!

"I don't believe it!" said Andy angrily, springing to his feet. "There must be some explanation. Where were you while he was writing this?"

"Asleep. Annie was with him."

By no stretch of the imagination could we suspect Annie of being either literary or prophetic; but with one accord we went in search of her, and found her in the kitchen watching the potatoes burn. Andy questioned her closely. She blinked at him and said that Junior had been a very good boy all the afternoon and had played nicely by himself while she fixed his supper and set the table.

"What was he doing when you left him alone?" asked Andy.

"He said he was after wantin' to write," said Annie. "So I give him his pencil an' paper."

We tiptoed into the nursery. Junior was fast asleep, with his long black lashes making lovely shadows on his flushed cheeks. "Do you think it's a trance?" I whispered.

Andy said not to be silly. But it was he who suggested that we sleep on the couch in the nursery that night. Neither of us closed our eyes hardly—but Junior didn't budge. He slept like a log. He was still asleep when Andy was ready to leave in the morning. Andy hated to go. He said: "Call me at the office when he wakes up. Better keep him in bed all day, and don't mention the writing to him until we talk over what steps to take."

"All right," I said. I followed him to the door. I drew a long breath. "Andy."

Andy said, "What?"

"Andy," I said, "excuse me for asking, but what are you going to do about Lendrix Products?"

ROSE FRANKEN
the author of this story, was born in Texas, but has lived in New York City since childhood. Although married at eighteen, and the mother of three sons, she has achieved notable success as a writer, being author of the novel Pattern, the play Another Language, several short stories, and co-author of Mr. Dooley, Jr., a play for children.

HE caught me to him roughly and grasped my shoulders. "Listen," he said harshly. "I'm going to *buy* Lendrix stock, d'you understand? I'm going to buy it on margin with the last few dollars that I've got. That means, little ignoramus, that if it goes up we can take Junior to the finest specialists in the world. But if it goes down—we're sunk."

With that he put me from him, opened the door before I could catch my breath, and closed it behind him with a bang.

I leaned against the wall for support. I could scarcely believe what I had heard. Andy—my sensible, logical, hard-headed Andy—had all but announced that he believed in spirits!

Junior awoke shortly after nine and ate a huge breakfast. It was a long morning. The hours dragged by uneventfully. Junior demanded ice cream for lunch and I gave it to him.

At three o'clock I picked up a mangled magazine and said, "Junior, let mother alone for ten minutes. Let me read a story or something to get my mind off things, or I shall go quite mad."

"Read me a story too," said Junior.

I turned the pages one after another. "There doesn't seem to be any story to read," I discovered ruefully. "You've cut pictures out right in the middle of every one of them."

"No I didn't—read me that." He pointed to a glossy colored page.

"That's an advertisement," I told him. "Not a story."

"No, it's a story," he contradicted flatly. "I know it's a story, because I wrote it."

I glanced at the advertisement, mildly amused at his choice. It was a picture of two women. One looked worried, and the other looked happy. The one that looked happy was holding a square package toward the one that looked worried. She was saying, "THIS MESSAGE IS FOR YOU. DO NOT LIVE IN IGNORANCE AND DARKNESS." The words seemed to have a familiar ring—or did I imagine it? I tried to read them over again, but suddenly they began to dance before my eyes. Junior's insistent treble floated to me from a vast distance: "I wrote it, mother! Read it to me; I wrote it!"

With difficulty I brought my dazed eyes to focus upon his. "Junior," I whispered gropingly, "do you mean—you *copied* it?"

"Yes," acknowledged Junior proudly; "I copied it. All by myself."

His words beat against my brain like little hammers. I felt his hand joggle my elbow. "And I copied another story, mother, all by myself. Shall I show you?"

But I didn't wait for him to show me. I rushed to the phone and called up Andy. It seemed an eternity before I finally heard his voice.

"Andy!" I screamed. "Don't buy Lendrix!"

"Don't buy it! I've *bought* it," replied Andy.

"Then sell it!"

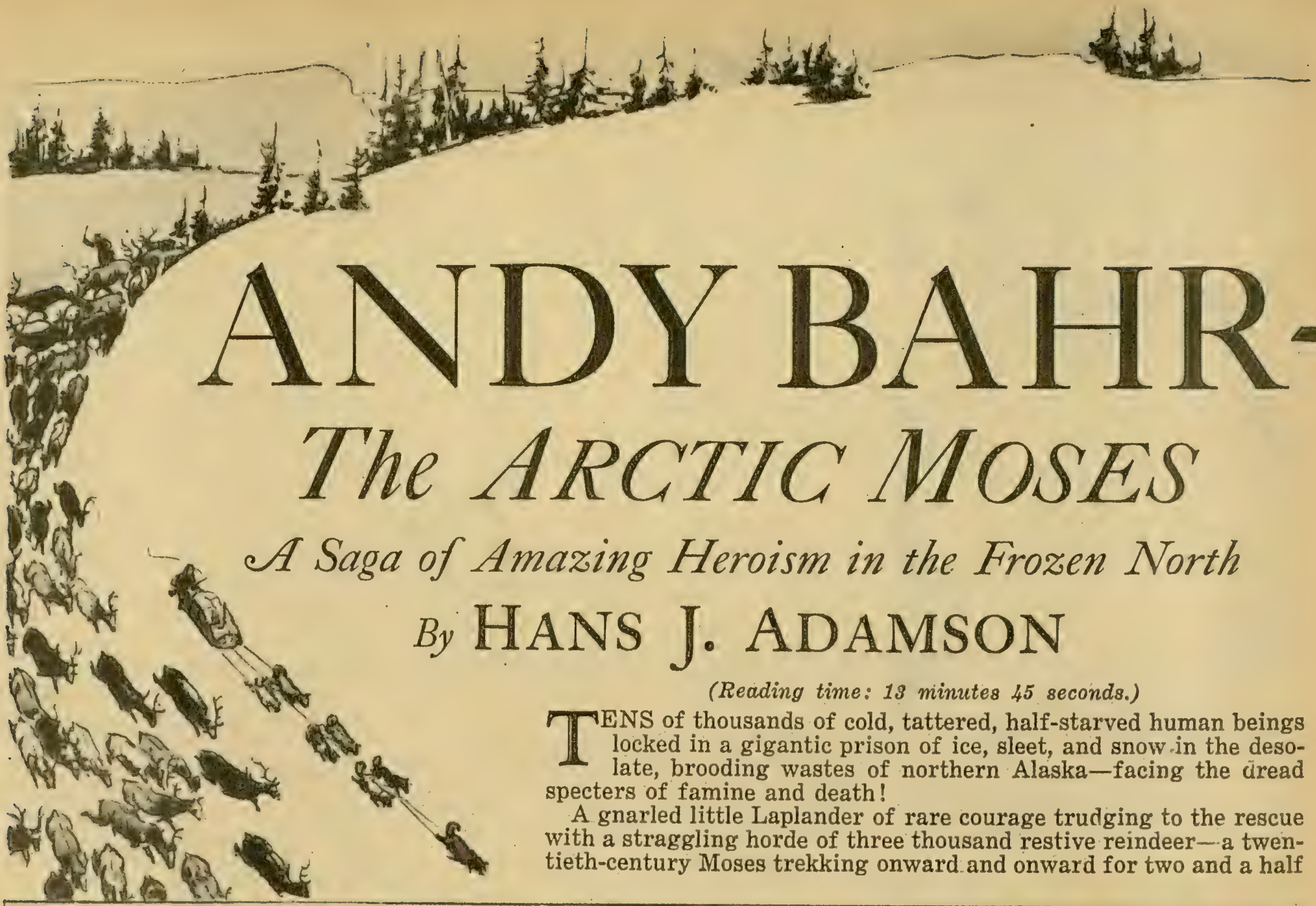
"I've sold it," said Andy. "Half an hour ago, on a twelve-point rise!"

I knew that he was waiting for me to say something, but my tongue wouldn't move. Then he said quite humbly, with a note of awe and gratitude, "Aunt Nancy sure does seem to be watching out for us."

Maybe one wife out of a thousand gets an opportunity like that. So I took it. "Bologny!" I answered.

But as I hung up the receiver I thought of something. What about the elephants?

THE END



ANDY BAHR—The ARCTIC MOSES

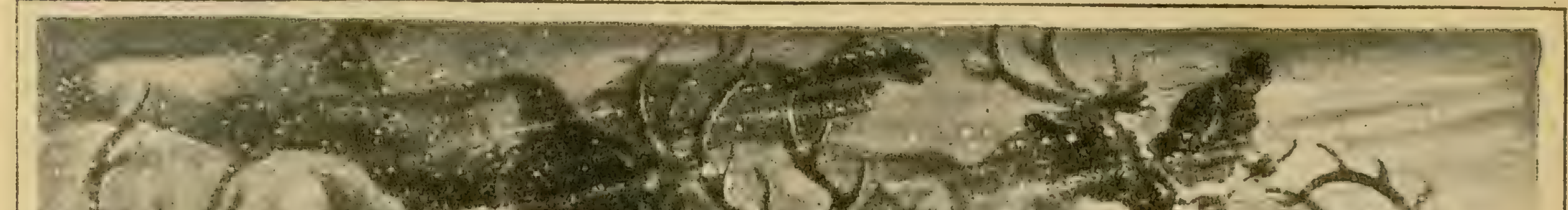
A Saga of Amazing Heroism in the Frozen North

By HANS J. ADAMSON

(Reading time: 13 minutes 45 seconds.)

TENS of thousands of cold, tattered, half-starved human beings locked in a gigantic prison of ice, sleet, and snow in the desolate, brooding wastes of northern Alaska—facing the dread specters of famine and death!

A gnarled little Laplander of rare courage trudging to the rescue with a straggling horde of three thousand restive reindeer—a twentieth-century Moses trekking onward and onward for two and a half



GRIMLY, intrepidly, he led his strange pilgrimage onward into the land that was neither heaven nor earth nor hell, while the arctic winds raised a chant of impending doom.

Picture by
W. MACRAE GILLIES

Bad-tempered next-door neighbor

. . . handing out pennies

JUNIOR and NANCY . . . afraid to step on his lawn. Even dogs slunk away from him. The neighbors all pitied his wife. And then he found a way to end his indigestion.

The difference between 100% good health and feeling mean is often slight. Little annoying digestive troubles may cause unhappiness. Dr. Beeman had a great idea when he put pepsin for digestion in gum. Such a delicious gum — and so often a real help in aiding digestion. Chew Beeman's every day.

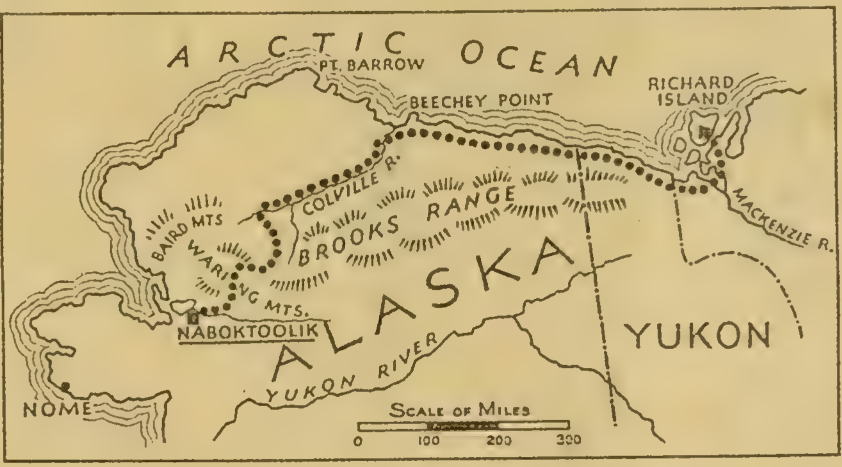
Especially made to aid digestion

BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN
GUM

Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

long years, through uncharted Alaska's tortuous forests and treacherous swamps, over silent white mountains and frozen rivers, through stinging blizzards, hurricanes, torrential rains, blinding sun and impenetrable fogs!

Such is the grim, foreboding background of the newest saga of the North—a seething drama of man against nature, the climax of which is at this very minute on the knees of the gods, while thousands of lives hang in the balance.



Andy Bahr's route across the arctic wilderness.

One night back in the summer of 1929 two grim-visaged men paced to and fro in the drawing-room of a luxurious apartment in the tower of a New York hotel. Occasionally one of the men paused at a window, gazing down at the twinkling vistas of a modern Babylon. But his thoughts were thousands of miles away—in the forgotten wind-swept land that stretches north toward the polar sea.

This man was William Cory, Canadian Deputy Minister of the Interior, charged with the heavy responsibility of averting an impending famine among the Canadian Eskimos. The other man was Carl Lomen, known as the reindeer king of Alaska.

"I tell you," Cory was saying, "we've *got* to find a way of getting a mother herd of three thousand reindeer up to our experimental station on Richard Island, even if there are no railroads or highways. Canadian Eskimos are hunters, not herders. The result is there is very little game left, and when that's gone those poor people will be absolutely without food and clothing. Our entire Eskimo population is facing certain death!"

LOMEN, the reindeer king, was deep in thought.

"There's only one way," he said, "to get a large herd of deer up to Richard Island, and that's to drive them through a wilderness almost unknown to man."

Suddenly his eyes brightened.

"I have it! I'll take your order to deliver three thousand deer up there. I'll see Andy Bahr!"

"Who Is Andy Bahr?" asked the Deputy Minister of the Interior.

"The man who knows more about reindeer and the North than any living person," answered Lomen. "If anyone can do this thing, it's Andy."

Andy Bahr was past the three-score mark and had long since retired from his life work, reindeer herding, nailed his skis above the fireplace, and settled down to running a little apartment house in Seattle which he had purchased with his hard-earned savings. Born in Lapland, he had come to this country at the age of twenty to herd reindeer in Alaska. He had lived with reindeer from that time until his retirement. He almost literally spoke their language; understood their every mood.

When the reindeer king sought out Andy in Seattle and asked him if he would undertake to drive three thousand animals through twelve hundred miles of trackless Alaskan wastelands, Andy made an immediate decision.

"It'll be a hard job," he said, "but there ain't no reason why I can't do it. I can't see them poor devils starvin'. I'll go."

To the average man of Andy's age, such an ordeal would be unthinkable. But Andy, with his powerful stubby frame and years of clean living behind him, is as strong and hardy as they come. His skin is brown and as furrowed as a walnut. Knowing, honest eyes gleam from his rough-hewn face and his bullet-shaped head is topped with a thatch of stringy black hair that is pointed with gray like the flank of a silver fox. He is slow and sparing of speech. Methodical. Fearless. All in all, a most colorful character, Andy.

Months of careful and extensive preparation preceded the unparalleled trek into the unknown. A dozen or more herders were hired to assist him; dogs were purchased; sleds were built; supplies were ordered; the proposed route was mapped out. In planning the route Andy took his first airplane trip—a four-hour jaunt from Nome over the bleak Baird and Waring mountain ranges—just to get the lay of the land. When he returned, someone asked him how he liked airplanes.

"T' tell the truth," replied Andy, "I never stopped t' think. I was too busy lookin' for passes in them mountains we're t' go through. An', say, that's rotten country, that's what it is. Rotten! We're not goin' t' have t' look for trouble."

In November, 1929, there was a great round-up of deer at Naboktoolik, a tiny Eskimo village at the mouth of the Selawik River on the western coast of Alaska. The work of selecting three thousand choice specimens to be driven to Richard Island was in progress when a terrific storm wrecked the corrals, releasing the deer. While a second round-up was in progress, Andy's carefully trained sled deer ran off, which necessitated delay until new animals could be broken in. And so it was not until after Christmas that Andy got under way.

It was a sight that Naboktoolik will never forget when the little Laplander began his march to the Arctic Sea with the horde of deer, his companions, several dogs, and some fifty sleds piled with tons of supplies.

"We'll be there in about a year 'n' a half," he said as he departed.

Andy's twelve-hundred-mile serpentine route was to take him north to the arctic coast, then east to the Mackenzie delta and Richard Island —journey's end. He had purposely chosen winter as the time of departure because the first half of the long course was to lead him through mountain valleys and a bewildering labyrinth of rivers, creeks, and swampland—territory that is impassable in summer.

Within a fortnight Andy was well out in the godless stretches of endless white where, from October to April, high-velocity winds come howling down from the Pole; where blinding blizzards rage for weeks on end, and gray, ghostly twilight takes the place of day.

Grimly, intrepidly, this modern Moses led his strange pilgrimage onward into the land that was neither heaven nor earth nor hell, while the wind and the snow and the cold chanted an ominous chorus of impending doom.

TIME and again during the first two weeks Andy and his men had to break their way through densely shrubbed, heavily timbered country. They were averaging only a mile a day, less than half the speed they had counted on. A forage famine became an additional menace. The deer were unable to dig through the ice-crusted snow to get to the coarse yellow moss on which they feed in winter. The herders had to take time out to apply picks to the snow in order to save the herd from starvation—that lingering specter of starvation which was the very reason for the pilgrimage!

Storm followed storm, each one increasing in severity. Some of the sled deer, half wild and poorly trained, ran amuck, splintered the sleds, and made a dash to freedom—and merciful death. The herd itself, hungry and storm-lashed, milled about in frenzied confusion. Andy, using every cunning device that he had learned during his years of experience, finally got the beasts under control. Then came a new menace—wolves. The herd stampeded and separated, and Andy spent several days getting it together again.

The Arctic Moses had weathered the first crisis, but others were in store for him.

In February the little Laplander began casting about for a crossing over the frozen Selawik River. For two weeks he was thwarted by dense, impenetrable brush and high, steep banks which the herd couldn't negotiate. When finally he found a suit-

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59¢ *serves a complete dinner for four*

Heinz Cooked Spaghetti · Cod Fish Balls · Buttered Onions · Whole Wheat Bread · Butter · Baked Apple Dumplings with Milk

YOU can lend pleasing variety to meals and lighten food costs, too, by serving rich, wholesome spaghetti dinners occasionally in place of the usual steak or chops.

Spaghetti, the way Heinz prepares it, is irresistibly appetizing. Heinz makes its own dry spaghetti of finest Durum wheat, then cooks each strand to melting tenderness in a rich, thick, zestful tomato sauce blended with a tangy cheese. The recipe is one that came from a famous Italian chef.

Heinz Cooked Spaghetti can be served often in place of meat and potatoes—it has the food values of both. Ask your grocer to send you a few cans today and try the tasty, economical meal suggested above. It is sure of a warm welcome from the whole family.

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able place, a lashing wind suddenly swept the river clear of snow and left it with a skating-rink surface on which the deer could not find footing. So there was a delay of eight valuable days while the herders, wielding picks and axes, corrugated a mile-wide stretch of ice across the frozen stream.

Toward the end of February Andy reached a point on the Hunt River and made camp. He had made less than a hundred miles in two months—with more than a thousand to go!

He had planned to go far beyond, to Howard Pass, before making camp; but the fawning season was approaching and to have pressed onward would have meant infinite hardship for the mother animals and their young. Then, too, a rest now would give both the men and the beasts a chance to put some fat on their bones, the better to withstand the rigors that awaited them. The ground was beginning to loosen up a bit, which made it easier for the deer to feed.

Andy was beginning to think that the worst was over and that things would be better in the fall when the journey was resumed. But as summer came on it brought ravages of its own. In July the mercury, which had been far below zero all winter, leaped to more than one hundred degrees above, accompanied by an enervating humidity. Clouds of bloodthirsty flies and mosquitoes swept across the tundra and attacked the men and the beasts. The reindeer, agonized by the pests, made stupid and pathetic attempts to break away. To head off possible escape by way of the river, Andy built two crude boats to patrol the waterway. Other herders were stationed at strategic points to keep the animals from spreading. But in spite of all these precautions the frantic horde split in two, and the groups drifted thirty miles apart. Long weeks passed before the herd was rounded up.

Early in November—more than ten months after the journey had begun—an Alaskan Airways plane swooped down out of the sky to take Andy pathfinding. It had been the Laplander's original intention to enter the Brooks Mountain range by way of a cut known as Hunt's Pass; so he asked the pilot, Sanis Robbins, to fly over the pass.

The plane lifted into the air, higher and higher. Ahead lay the deep heart of the arctic waste, an endless vista of snow-clad mountains. Andy saw the road he would travel. He saw not a tree, not a bush, not a living thing; nothing but snow up hill and down dale—a devil's roller coaster where death rides on the polar winds.

OVER Hunt's Pass Andy peered down through powerful binoculars.

"My goodness, just lookit that! Just lookit that!" he roared to the pilot.

It was plain to see that Hunt's Pass was a death trap. Between its narrow, twisting walls a maelstrom of wind lifted tons of snow into dancing columns that reached half a mile into the air.

The plane roared on, and Andy finally sighted a pass in the mountains that looked more suitable, a spot where the Ambler River cuts through the Brooks range.

When he returned to camp on Hunt River he made ready to move on to the next objective, Howard Pass. Six tons of supplies were delivered to the advance base by dog team and the pilgrimage was resumed on Thanksgiving Day, 1930.

NEXT WEEK—

WHY VOTE DEMOCRATIC

By

Franklin D. Roosevelt

? ? ?

WHY VOTE REPUBLICAN

By

Theodore Roosevelt

Both sides of the political picture presented by the two leading representatives of a great American family

---

Also stories and articles by Frank Leon Smith—the Right Honorable H. B. Lees-Smith—George S. Brooks—M. McNair—Hugh Bradley—Arthur Van Vlissingen, Jr.

Hardly had they started when the elements once again raised a savage chant of doom in their faces. A churning blizzard suddenly cut a hideous swath over the territory that Andy had chosen, and he and his men were forced to abandon the herd temporarily and dig caves in the ground. The deer wandered at will, but that didn't particularly worry Andy. Reindeer always travel with the wind, and Andy is a past master at estimating wind direction and velocity and the speed of roaming deer. When the storm was over he went out and located the herd with little difficulty.

But bad weather continued to hound the procession, and often some of the herders would be lost in the blinding wilderness for days. One Eskimo with his train of four sleds disappeared for two weeks and was listed as lost. But one morning the little man with the black eyes and the olive skin straggled into camp, frost-maimed and exhausted.

"Me get back," he said simply, as he dropped in his tracks.

THE pilgrimage was not far from its immediate objective, Howard Pass, when Andy met his supreme test. Things had been going along fairly smoothly for several days. Suddenly, out of the polar silences, swirled the worst storm that the party had yet encountered. Visibility ceased to be, and the herders, half frozen and virtually in tatters, swarmed around Andy. The wise old Laplander knew that for the first time during the trek he was threatened with mutiny.

"We're lost!" roared one of the men above the shrieking wind. "Y'understand? We're lost! You got us into this!"

Andy glared witheringly at the speaker, then at the others around him. At length, smiting his chest, he roared:

"You men can see me, can't you?"

They nodded, not understanding what he was driving at.

"Well," he went on, "as long as you can see me y'ain't lost. When you're with me you're home!"

His supreme self-confidence quieted them down for the time being, at least. Shortly afterward, as if a kind Providence had intervened, the storm subsided.

Finally came the hour when the Arctic Moses crossed the last of the mountain ranges. Before him spread the promised land of the Colville basin. It was far from a land of milk and honey, and it was far from the goal—but to Andy it spelled the end of the most perilous part of the journey and the beginning of pleasanter travel, better weather, and more feed for the herd.

It was in March, 1931, that Andy made camp in one of the ravines along the Colville River, at the junction of the Killik River. But here again he was confronted by still another staggering problem: Food was running low and the men themselves faced starvation. The caravan was far from its goal (it was now a year behind schedule) and it was some two hundred miles from the nearest civilization—Beechey Point, on the arctic coast. It would take months to reach Beechey Point with the herd.

The only way to get food would be to send some of the herders to the trading post by dog sled. But Andy knew that once they sighted civilization the men wouldn't come back. As for his going for the food himself, that was out of the question.

As he thought of those tens of thousands of Eskimos on Richard Island, those helpless humans whose very lives depended on the ultimate success of the journey, the little Laplander knew that only a miracle would save the situation.

Then the miracle happened—on a day when the specter of mutiny was once more stalking abroad in the camp. Andy was arguing with the herders when suddenly, from above, there came the drone of an airplane motor!

Circling, the plane—one of the Alaskan Airways fleet—landed on the snow-covered surface of the river and taxied up to the camp. The pilot, Joe Crosson, greeted Andy.

"Can't stay but a few minutes, Andy," Crosson explained. "A storm's brewing. Carl Lomen is worried about you—asked me to try to locate you and find out how things are."

Andy told his story simply, briefly. "And if we don't get food quick," he concluded, "we're stopped—and what about all them folks up Richard Island way?"

"I'll see that you get food," said Crosson. "But it may take some time for a plane to get through to you."

Prospects of relief quelled the rebellion among the herders.

Three weeks later Crosson, a man of his word, landed with a thousand pounds of food.

Four months afterward—in July of last year—Andy reached the bleak arctic coast. He penned a homespun letter to the reindeer king, setting forth the hardships that he and his band of pilgrims were going through.

"But I ain't kickin, Mister Lomen," Andy concluded. "We will make it."

The letter reached Lomen in September. And that was the last heard of Andy Bahr until April of this year, when a search instituted by the Canadian government revealed that the herd had again been split in twain. Half of it was located some three hundred miles from its destination. The herders in charge said that they had not seen Andy in more than four months—not since he had left in a blinding blizzard to locate the other half. Later, natives along the hilly country that skirts the shores of the Polar Sea said they had heard reports that the gnarled little figure of the Laplander had been seen with the other half of the herd in tow, beating his way eastward toward the Mackenzie delta.

And so, at this very minute, while thousands of Canadian Eskimos tune in on the grapevine telegraph for word of his progress, the man upon whom their fate depends is locked in the silence of the North—trudging sturdily nearer and nearer his journey's end.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the meaning of mnemonic?

2—What part of Alaska lies directly north of the United States?

3—When is the moon said to be decrescent?

4—What is the hurricane signal used by the weather bureau?

5—What is a manifest?

6—Where was Washington inaugurated as the first president of the United States?

7—Who was the famous sister of Henry Ward Beecher?

8—Where is Alexander Hamilton buried?

9—What is a portmanteau word?

10—When and by what treaty was Canada transferred from France to Great Britain?

11—What is the origin of the word troy as used in troy weight?

12—What state in the Union has the largest number of Negro churches?

13—What was the original salary of the President of the United States?

14—Who commanded the sun to stand still?

15—What is kaolin?

16—What is the color of the hair of an orang-utan?

17—Where was the Battle Above the Clouds fought?

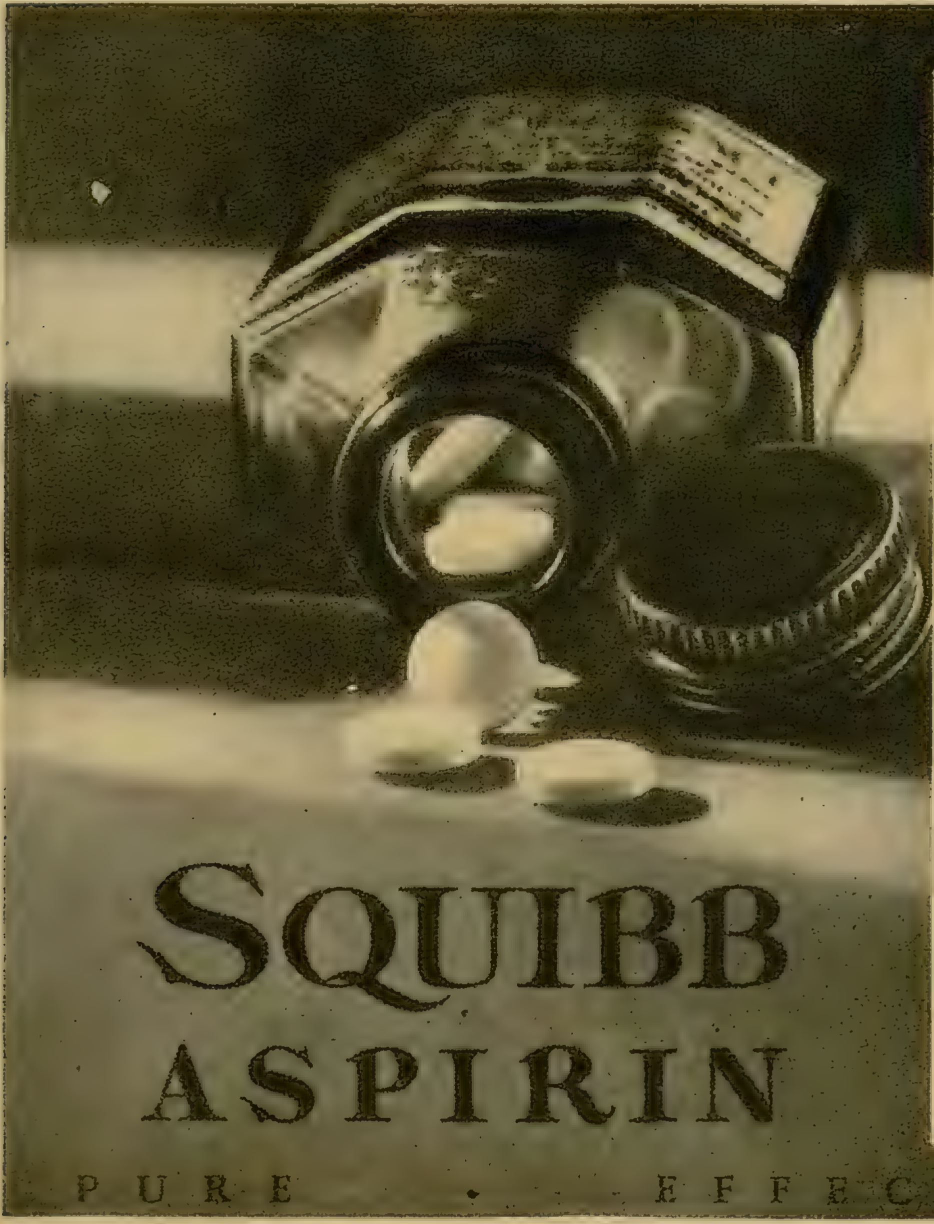
18—In whose reign was Ireland added to England?

19—What is the origin of the term "Lothario"?

20—Who is supposed to have invented bifocal glasses?

(Answers will be found on page 55)

What is the new Squibb Aspirin slogan?
(see page 55 for the answer)



Safe! **because it's SQUIBB**

THE next time you take an aspirin tablet, pause just long enough to ask yourself this single question: "Who made it?" If your answer is "Squibb," then you *know* you're Safe.

For 74 years the medical profession has prescribed Squibb products, knowing the rigid laboratory control to which these products are subjected. In making aspirin tablets, E. R. Squibb & Sons have clung to these same traditions of strict purity—a purity that surpasses even the official U. S. government standard. And, of course, only the purest aspirin *can* be Safe.

Squibb Aspirin tablets reach you exact in dosage—because they are exceptionally well-compressed. Yet they disintegrate readily in water or when swallowed whole. Hence they act *quickly*.

All true-service drug stores have Squibb Aspirin. You'll find the 12-tablet metal box handy for purse or pocket. For your medicine cabinet the 100-tablet bottle is a worth-while economy.

It pays to play safe in buying aspirin. Say "Squibb Aspirin, please!" *Look for the name before you buy.*

E·R·SQUIBB & SONS *Manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858*

A MOVIE with

Washington Merry-Go-Round a Powerful Political Picture; Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and Edward Robinson in Other Talkies

(Reading time: 9 minutes 20 seconds.)

WASHINGTON Merry-Go-Round is in Hollywood's newest cynical mood. Heretofore, in national election years, the movies have confined themselves to news-reel shots of the candidates in the act of making campaign speeches, sitting on their front porches, shaking hands with friends, kissing a neighbor's baby.

This year the movies have gone in strong for disillusionment. The Phantom President is mere burlesque of political hokum. But Washington Merry-Go-Round is a blow under the heart of government of the politicians, by the politicians, for the politicians.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

CAST

Button Gwinnett Brown	Lee Tracy
Alice Wylie	Constance Cummings
Norton	Alan Dinehart
Senator Wylie	Walter Connolly
Beef Brannigan	Arthur Vinton
Kelleher	Frank Sheridan
Conti	Clay Clement
Clarence	Clarence Muse

Directed by James Cruze.
Produced by Columbia.

Depressions beget resentment and bitterness at the powers that be. Hence the success last year of this series of bitter close-ups of Washington leaders by several anonymous capital newspaper men. Our famous statesmen were pictured as petty, grasping, stupid.

Columbia Pictures bought the picture rights, hired Maxwell Anderson to construct a story, rushed the yarn into production. The result is a sensational, even shocking film.

A young idealistic congressman comes to Washington bursting with plans to reform conditions. He collides with laughter, derision, organized plundering, becomes a social pariah, gets nowhere with his dreams. In a rather weak melodramatic climax the film pictures him as forcing the suicide of the bad brainy man higher up. When you see this film I imagine that you will realize that the conditions which go with careless democracy can be remedied only when we, the people, take an active, aggressive hand in government. The film is sharp, fearless, provocative. Motion pictures, for all the benevolent supervision of Lord Will Hays, are getting out of hand. They now dare to treat of current national problems. They dare to take sides.

This panorama of Washington—grafting, cringing, lawbreaking, reckless, streaked here and there with baffled honesty—should be something for you to think about before you cast your next vote.

You will like Lee Tracy as the quixotic Hon. Button Gwinnett Brown, and you will be charmed by Constance Cummings as the girl who first thinks him a fool, then comes to love his mad idealism.

James Cruze, who directed that epic of the pioneers, The Covered Wagon, strangely enough made this film, which shows you the ultimate results of the heroism and hardihood of the men who made our nation.

Constance Cummings, Lee Tracy, and Alan Dinehart in Washington Merry-Go-Round, the cynical picture of life in our national capital.

Norma Shearer and Fredric March in drama Smilin' Through.

★ ★ ½ SMILIN' THROUGH

CAST

Kathleen Moonyean	Norma Shearer
Kenneth Wayne	Fredric March
John Carteret	Leslie Howard
Dr. Owen	O. P. Heggie
Willie Ainley	Ralph Forbes
Mrs. Crouch	Beryl Mercer
Orderly	Forester Harvey

Directed by Sidney Franklin.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

This drama, made famous by Jane Cowl, is a tough dose of sentimentality, not a little old-fashioned in its militant romanticism.

Here you have the British Romeo-Juliet love of two young folks, the son and niece of archenemies. The boy's

PUNCH

By
FREDERICK
JAMES
SMITH

Another version of Somerset Maugham's drama, Rain, with Joan Crawford in the part made famous by Jeanne Eagels. With her is shown Walter Huston.

Edward G. Robinson and Zita Johann have the two principal rôles in Tiger Shark.

erratic, jealous father had shot down the sweetheart of the girl's uncle on their wedding day. The uncle has spent the rest of his life mooning about his garden, communing with the spirit of the lovely departed Moonyean.

This is the sort of drama dear to a star's heart. Norma Shearer plays both the beautiful wraith, Moonyean, and the modern Kathleen with the necessary requisites of love, renunciation, self-sacrifice, and a blond wig. It is Fredric March who gives the romance such vitality as it possesses by his excellent performances of the mad Waynes, father and son. Leslie Howard dodders through most of the film in the thankless rôle of the uncle.

★ ★ ½ RAIN

CAST

Sadie Thompson	Joan Crawford
Rev. Alfred Davidson	Walter Huston
Sergeant O'Hara	William Gargan
Joe Horn	Guy Kibbee
Quartermaster Bates	Walter Catlett
Griggs	Ben Hendricks
Hodgson	Frederick Howard
Mrs. Davidson	Beulah Bondi
Mr. MacPhail	Matt Moore
Mrs. MacPhail	Kendall Lee Glenzer

Directed by Lewis Milestone.
Produced by United Artists.

Strangely enough, this new version of Somerset Maugham's drama of the South Seas falls short. You know the story, done on the stage by the late Jeanne Eagels, silently filmed by Gloria Swanson. The quarantine of a small Pacific trader brings ashore to rain-bound Pago Pago a fanatical missionary and a bedraggled wanton. Mr. Maugham pictured the Rev. Davidson's attempt to save Sadie Thompson's rouged soul, his loss of his own, his suicide on the coral strands of the Pacific.

You would imagine that, with Joan Crawford playing Sadie and Walter Huston in the rôle of the missionary, you would encounter dramatic fireworks. But Hollywood has been afraid to approach the story with honesty. Huston gives a guarded, careful portrait of the zealot. Miss Crawford never once suggests the buffeted, frail defiance of Sadie, pictured so movingly by Miss Eagels.

★ ★ TIGER SHARK

CAST

Mike	Edward G. Robinson
Quita	Zita Johann
Pipes	Richard Arlen
Lady Barber	Leila Bennett
Engineer	Vince Barnett
The Man	J. Carroll Naish
Manuel	William Ricciardi

Directed by Howard Hawks.
Produced by Warner-First National.

This tuna-fishing version of Moby Dick is not Edward Robinson's best rôle, by any means. Nor his worst. The one-time Little Cæsar plays a Portuguese captain of a trawler whose right hand has been bitten off by a shark. Our hero not only loses his hand but he is on the verge of losing his pretty wife to his best friend. Discovering the affair, he knocks his pal senseless and throws him into a leaky lifeboat surrounded by tiger sharks.

The melodrama is pretty strong for sensitive moviegoers, being a little too detailed (for me) in its picturing of sharks nipping at prospective human titbits.

Do you know that—

William Powell and Joan Blondell appear together in Lawyer Man?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

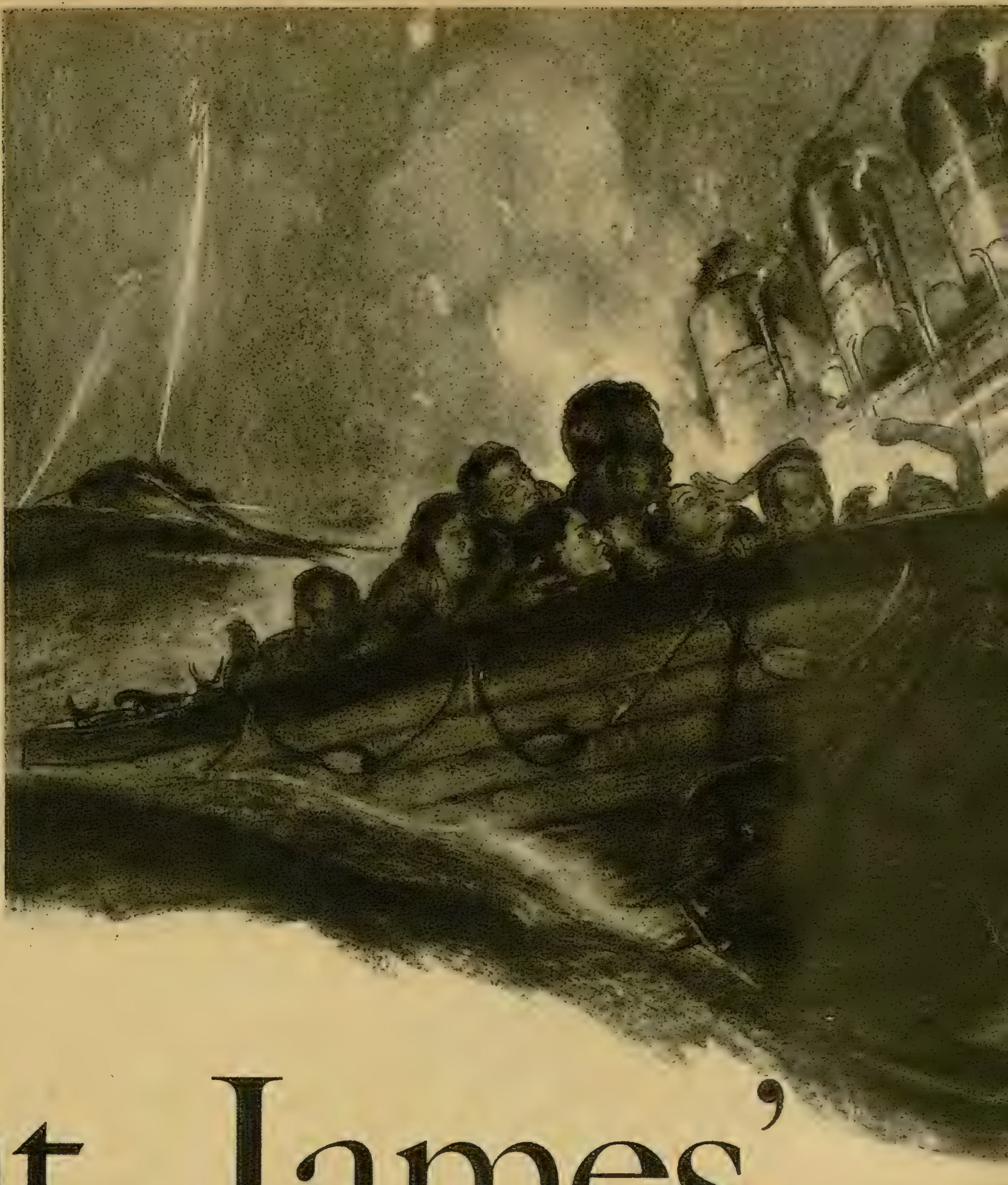
★★★★—Movie Crazy, Grand Hotel, Congress Dances.

★★★—The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood? Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak.

A PRIZE FIRST STORY

By
LILLIAN McQUARRIE

Pictures by EDGAR McGRAW



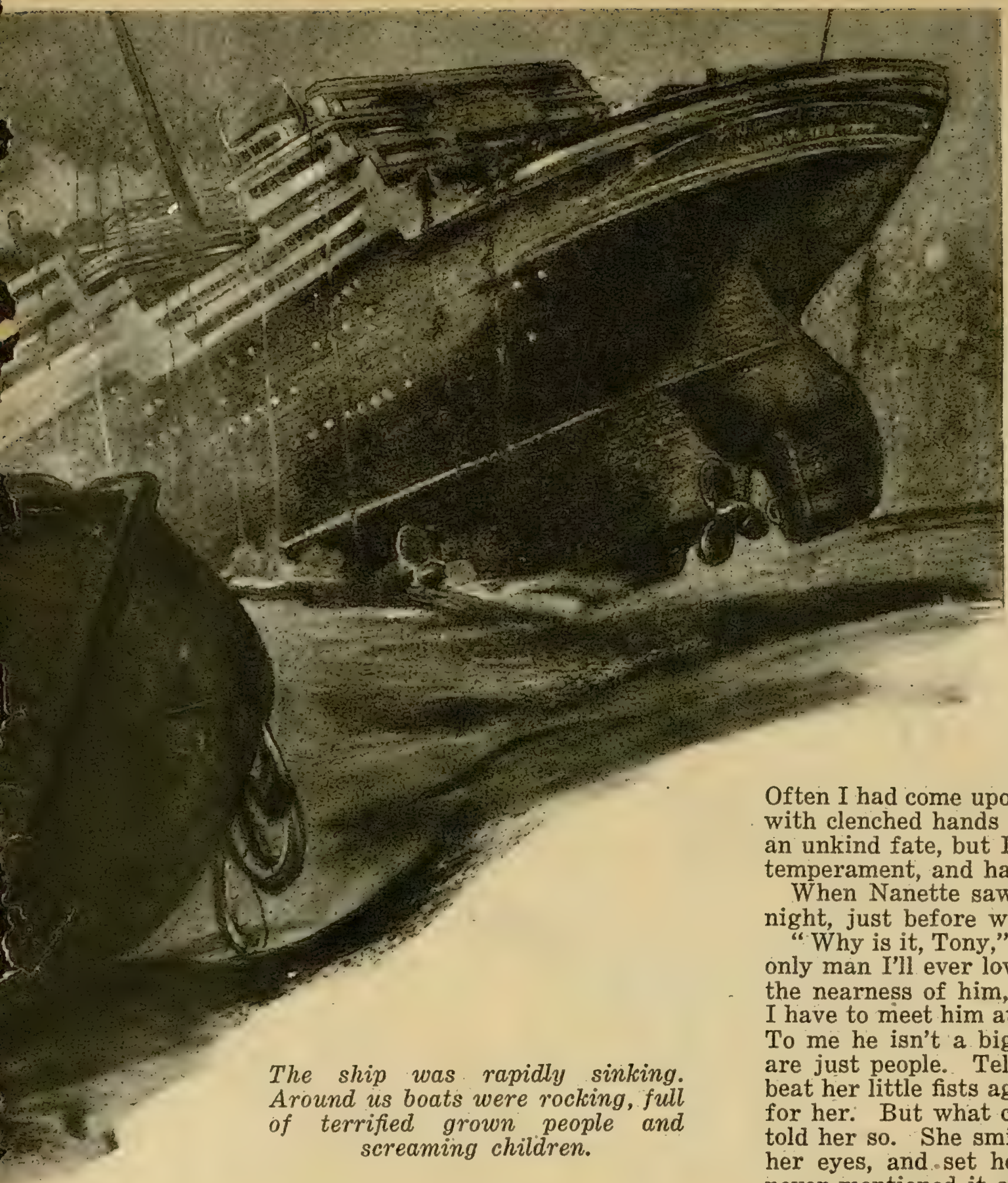
St. James' ISLAND

(Reading time: 30 minutes 40 seconds.)

I CAN still see Nanette's eyes that night Joe proposed a vacation in Bermuda. He called us all together after the last performance and told us we needed a rest. How we knew it! Toward the end of a long, hard season, at the mere thought of one more performance a midget gets fatigued. Mighty fatigued. When Joe suggested Bermuda we at once disagreed *en masse,* but in the end we decided in favor of Bermuda. We had all known secretly that we would eventually decide to go there, as we had all mentioned it at one time or another. It's about the only place we haven't spent as much time as we liked. But it is our custom to disagree with our manager right at first—for the good of our own egos, and to show him who's the boss. Joe always allowed us to dissent until we of our own accord came around to his original suggestion.

How Nanette's eyes lighted up when Joe mentioned it! Nanette was our star, and the only artist among us—unless you would call me an artist, which I have often done, and which got me nowhere, so I don't mention it any more. But were Nanette a normal size she would still be an actress. She breathes artistry, and from her finger tips expresses beauty. She is graceful. She is versatile. She is capricious. She is changeable. It is hard to describe her. One minute she appears one way, and the next she is entirely changed. Her most fascinating and memorable feature, however, is her eyes. They are deep blue, with an expression of candor, of questioning and, at the same time, incredulity. They have always arrested me. It is as though she has seen too much of beauty coupled with pain to credit anything wholly beautiful. Her mouth when she smiles one of those rare, dazzling, soft-lipped smiles remains for a moment

A Story of Love That Was Greater than Life



The ship was rapidly sinking. Around us boats were rocking, full of terrified grown people and screaming children.

afterward reflecting a wistful, half-doubting pout.

When she dances her White Bird Dance her eyes sparkle and her lips are half parted in ecstasy. She is rhythm itself, and charm, and poise, and power. She becomes for the moment a white bird, a thousand times intensified in animation, imagination, melody of movement and form. And the moment her last curtain call is over she literally wilts.

Among the others of the troupe she is silent, almost sullen, preferring her own company to that of anyone else. The fact is, she lives in another realm—a world of beauty and sunshine. In her world there are no huge chairs, the size for normal people, enormous tables, and beds to get lost in, and no immense bathtubs with deluges of water to beat upon you, called playfully a "shower."

And in her world no other woman is trying to marry Joe.

SHORTLY before we left for Bermuda, Jean Barrett, a lovely San Francisco society girl, with hair an exact match for Nanette's, was featured in all the newspapers' society sections as a new bride elect, engaged to marry Joseph Jacques Le Roux. Her father owned a half dozen blocks of buildings on Market Street, and Jean, whom I had met many times—in fact, who had entertained us all in her home on many occasions—was very charming. Her appearance and mannerisms were reminiscent of Nanette.

It was not until I called Nanette's attention to Joe's engagement that I noticed how madly in love with him our own little midget star had become. It was never glaringly obvious; but once I became conscious of it, it amazed me to find how utterly stupid I had been not to have known it all the time. Often I had come upon Nanette crying softly, or fiercely, with clenched hands and a little chin set strong against an unkind fate, but I had credited it to her high-strung temperament, and had thought no more about it.

When Nanette saw that I knew, she came to me one night, just before we sailed.

"Why is it, Tony," she cried, "that I have to meet the only man I'll ever love, and be around him, tortured by the nearness of him, when I can't have him? Why do I have to meet him at all? I wish I had never met him! To me he isn't a big man and I a midget. To me we are just people. Tell me, Tony, why is it?" And she beat her little fists against my chest. I could have cried for her. But what could I do? It was so futile, and I told her so. She smiled sadly after her outburst, dried her eyes, and set her firm little chin resolutely. We never mentioned it again, either of us.

Most little people are satisfied with their lot—satisfied with their few performances a day and the flattering attention they receive. It is true a trouper's life gets tiresome, especially toward the end of the season, and he longs for a little garden and a quiet life. But if the little garden were his, toward the beginning of the season, I'll wager, he would lock his tranquil door and tie up with another troupe.

Nanette was different. She liked applause if she felt she deserved it. And how she worked to deserve it! But if she had done her work in any modified degree, how she would storm and rave against the stupid audiences who applauded her "very poor performance." She wanted to be appreciated as an artist—not as a midget.

THE Anastasia II hit a surface coral reef shortly after dawn the eleventh day out, the night before which we had had a profuse celebration. We were as yet happily unaware of what lay before us, and at dinner the captain came to our table and asked Joe if he would let us perform for the guests at nine o'clock. Joe said he would be happy to select a number from our repertoire, and as soon as the captain left our table he turned to Nanette.

"Nanette," he said, "how would you like to do your little bird dance?"

"Followed by our song?" asked Nanette.

It seemed to me that her eyes avoided his, but Joe smiled and nodded.

"If you like," he said.

I saw "Mommer," the oldest girl in the troupe, whose triple chin was an object of levity, nudge Flo, whose only interest was her little white dog, Fluff. I gave them a dirty look, but they didn't see it.

During the performance I sat with Felipe directly behind Mommer, Flo, and Trix, who discussed with much gusto Nanette's snobbishness, her adoration for Joe, and the complete, radical, and happy change that had come over her since we left San Francisco Bay. Never, they said, had they seen her smile off the stage before—or at least in the last several years. Why was it? they asked each other.

I HAD never seen Nanette so charming. Somehow, that night, the scintillating white feathers of her costume brought out more than ever before her fragile flowerlike beauty, and her eyes sparkled like jewels. As she finished the dance and everyone applauded deafeningly, she tiptoed up to Joe, who was sitting on the edge of the stage, friendly like, talking to the drummer, and began her song. With her cheek against his, she sang, in that thrilling throaty voice of hers, to a tune you remembered in the middle of the night for years after:

"If I were as big as you and
You were the size of me
I'd stick around you all the time—
Why don't you pay attention to
me?"

And Joe, with his heavy arm around her, crushing her silvered feathers, held his head close to hers, their foreheads together, and sang:

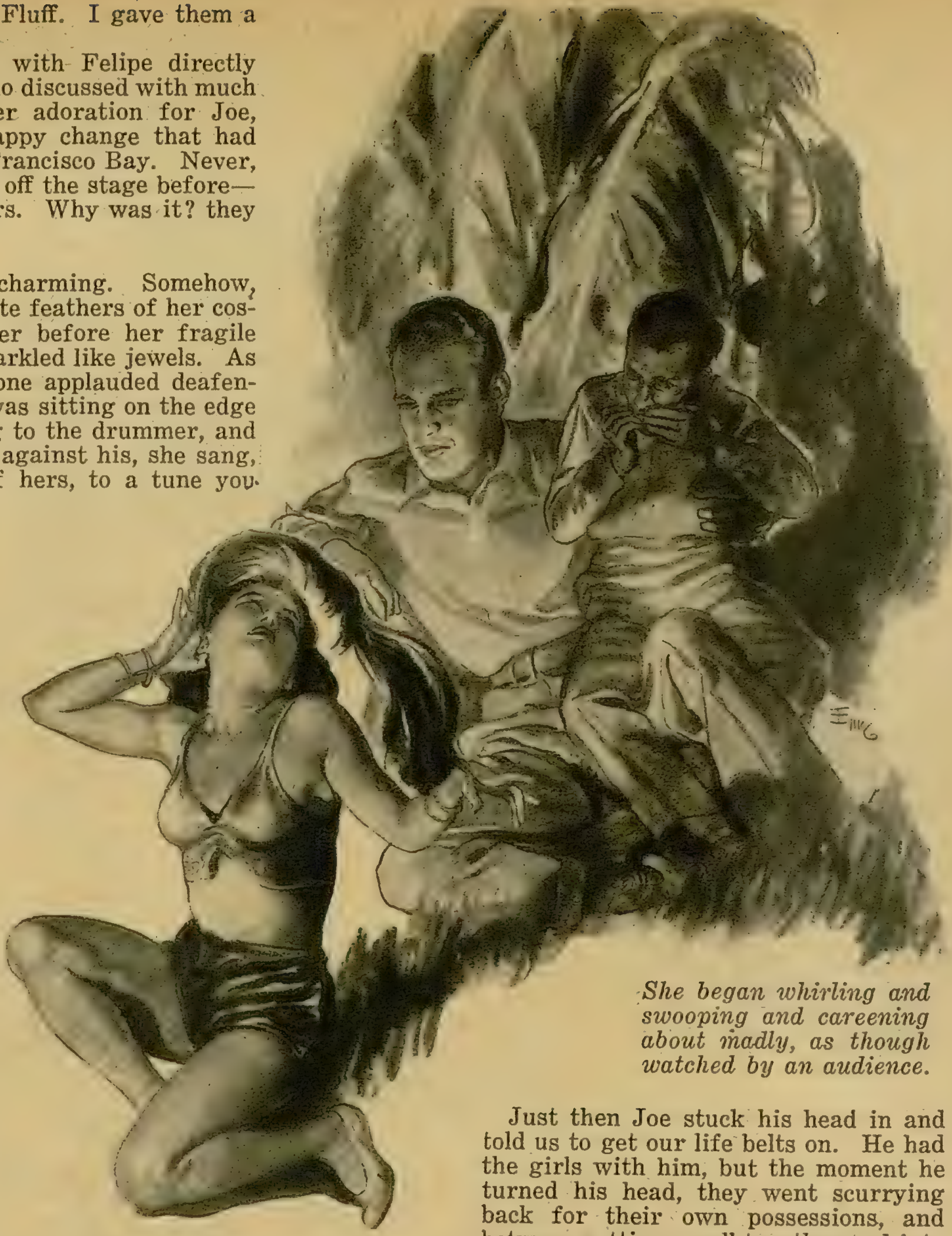
"Can't you see that
Because I am so large and
You are so very small,
I haven't a chance at happiness,
Not the slightest chance at all?"

There were more verses, and applause, and added choruses. They were called back again and again, until their clothing was damp clear through with perspiration. But the audience still demanded more. At last, without a word, Joe lifted her up with one hand by the back of her costume and carried her off the stage as if she were a kitten.

The audience was still roaring for more, but Nanette would not appear again. She had to go to her stateroom to cry for sheer happiness. For a moment she had lost herself in her song—the song she had written, the song that was brand-new, which would be introduced next season—and for a moment in all the world there had been no one but herself and Joe.

Joe is the kind of man that girls lose their heads about. His hair is black and curly, and when you look into his laughing eyes you lose your heart whether you want to or not, if you are a girl, or even a midget matron! We all relied on Joe for everything while we were on the road, feeling that he was our personal God. And maybe he was. And so, in our staterooms, where the beds were the regular size, Joe would tuck us in at night. He wouldn't let the stewards touch us. There was some professional taboo on that. But we didn't care. Even I, the so-designated comedian, loved the touch of Joe's kind hand on my forehead that first week out. As always, the first week out had made me ill, and Joe's thoughtful help was gratifying. And the girls—they just ate it up!

When the alarm sounded, about dawn, we were all startled out of a pretty sound slumber. A midget seldom gets panicky if a grown person is about. But Joe wasn't there! Felipe began to cry. I guess we were all more or less afraid. We began grabbing for our specially made life belts, smaller than a child's, and for our possessions of value. Some snatched their favorite costumes. All was confusion. Some of the boys were crying shrilly, frightened at the confusion outside.



She began whirling and swooping and careening about madly, as though watched by an audience.

Just then Joe stuck his head in and told us to get our life belts on. He had the girls with him, but the moment he turned his head, they went scurrying back for their own possessions, and between getting us all together and into the lifeboat, and running back after us if we could escape him, and Flo's insistence that he find Fluff, it is little wonder that Fritzy, one of the youngest and smallest of us, was lost. But when we discovered that he was not with us it was too late to do anything about it. The ship was rapidly sinking. All around us boats were rocking, full of terrified grown people and screaming children. It was horrible.

WE heard some of the crew shout "Sharks!" but we didn't realize the full danger at that moment. The water alone was more terrible than we could realize. Everyone was so wrapped up in his own personal discomfiture that he had no eyes for anyone else, but I watched Nanette, whose hungry eyes never left Joe's face.

The water, that first morning in the shivery dawn, was cold, and powerful, and—very wet! Sometimes a wave would sweep over us and all but capsize the boat, and then Joe, if someone was washed overboard, would have to swim around to bring him back.

The broad expanse of unbroken ocean is more immense than anything I have ever seen, except the sky, which is not so terrifyingly near. By noon that day we were the only living beings in sight. Every single lifeboat had disappeared, and we were alone on the reeling, heaving waters.

Just before dark, Flo's little dog was washed over the edge of the boat, and she cried so piteously and persistently that over Joe went again and brought back the little dripping canine prize.

Somehow, in the scramble to get away from the ship before that last great wave which she created in sinking beneath the surface of the water capsized our boat, we had lost our oars and were compelled to drift aimlessly. I believe this is the reason that the other boats drifted away from us so quickly.

On the third day we sighted land. We were very near the island before we sensed it, for it was not yet morning and we could see nothing. But as the water was choppy and the wind broken Joe announced that we were very near something. We were hoping we would be washed ashore without being dashed against the rocks, when Nanette spoke.

"Did you pay your last insurance premium on us all, Joe?" she asked.

Joe smiled and nodded, but I could see that it was small comfort to him. Nanette's smile was bright. She had said very little since we had been out on the ocean in the small boat, but I could see that she was, without doubt, the least concerned over the outcome. She had neither complained nor commented when, the night before we sighted land, Joe had announced that all of the chocolate from our store of concentrated food was gone. We still had raisins and prunes. Nanette was obviously living in the present, and with Joe by her side, remote from San Francisco, she could afford to be happy.

As for the others, they were chatting and jesting when they were not actually complaining. Once Mommer had to stop a hot quarrel between Felipe and Flo as to whether or not Fluff was worth saving.

JOE had to wade in water waist-deep to fasten the boat against the mud of the beach. A stiff breeze was blowing, as it had blown every minute since we had put to sea, but the moment we landed it seemed to increase in speed. Jack, the little English musician, was almost blown into the water again.

Against the rising sun the island at first appeared black and forbidding. Jagged mountains shut out the early rays of the sun, and a very narrow beach prefaced their ascent. On the edge of the beach, toward the mountains, was a dense jungle of green, ever so green, trees and underbrush, and the sounds of animal life came to my ears above the deafening beat of the waves against the rocks to the south of us. Topping the green, shooting up sheer against the blue sky dotted with lazy white clouds, the cliffs became purple-capped with golden snow in the rising sunlight. It was all incredibly lovely. But the chill of a stiff, heavily laden breeze found its way under our scant attire, and we were soon dashing about for dry brush and sticks, at Joe's suggestion, to build a fire. Joe cautioned us all to be very careful, as we did not yet know whether or not we were on a dangerous island. Most of us laughed at him, feeling that the whole thing, in spite of the rough trip in the lifeboat, was a daring but comparatively safe adventure.

We took inventory for tools and found that among the whole troupe we had, for weapons and tools to build a fortress, a prop dagger which one of the girls had brought in her Indian belt, and a little hatchet that one of the boys had used in a George Washington act. Joe shook his head when he saw them. But when he tried them out they proved to be stronger than they looked.

When we had a great stack of brush piled together, Joe struck a match that had been drying while we were gathering the brush, and lit a fire. It was the last match we had, and as a consequence we were obliged to keep the fire going day and night.

The fire was huge, and it made us sleepy, but we were also thirsty and hungry and stiff, and there at once arose a cry for food.

"Can you wait here—" began Joe, and they all shouted with alarm, "No! Don't leave us."

"Do you want to hear a story?" I asked, and they hesitated. "You go on, Joe," I said. "We'll stay here. I had a dream the other night I'd like to tell them."

By this time they were interested, and grouped themselves around me near the fire, to hear the story. They are all incurable story hounds. They'll

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

A Crank about dust and dirt . . . careless of her teeth and Gums . . . . . and she has "Pink tooth brush"!

HER husband would probably notice in a minute if she didn't keep the house neat and clean. But don't you suppose he notices how her *teeth* look, too? It might be wise for her to keep *them* good-looking, as well!

Do you realize that while today's foods are delicious, they are too soft to stimulate the gums? Gradually your gums have become flabby and tender. If you haven't "pink tooth brush" already, you probably *will* have it unless you do something about those touchy gums of yours.

And "pink tooth brush" not only tends to dull the teeth, but it may often pave the way for Vincent's disease, gingivitis, and even pyorrhea. And it may endanger perfectly sound teeth.

Today — get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. And each time, rub a little *extra* Ipana into those sickly, weak-walled, tender gums of yours.

Ipana really *cleans* the teeth! And because it contains ziratol, Ipana with regular daily massage tones up the gums, stimulates the circulation through the walls, and helps bring them back to healthy firmness. Keep on using Ipana with massage, and you can forget all about "pink tooth brush."

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-1121, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a two-cent stamp.

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"A little Sloan's will soon put an end to that twitching pain."

"I hope so. I've hardly slept since this last damp spell started."

DAMP-DAY PAINS

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Don't let pain keep you awake during damp weather. Warm those stiff sore joints with Sloan's—and you'll sleep soundly. For Sloan's rushes fresh blood to the sore spot, kills pain, relaxes stiffness. No rubbing is needed with Sloan's—simply pat it on. Gives the quickest relief in the world . . . and costs only 35¢!

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World Famous Liniment used by 133 Nations

Itching Skin

For 20 years now, soothing, cooling Zemo has seldom failed to end itching in five seconds, and clear up even the most stubborn cases of Eczema. Such wonderful results are due to Zemo's rare ingredients not used in cheaper remedies. Get Zemo today—if you want to end Rashes, Pimples, Ringworm and Eczema. It's worth the price because you get relief. All druggists', 35c, 60c, $1. Extra Strength Zemo, double results, $1.25.

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The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited
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hound a man for stories until he's completely washed up.

They wanted to hear the story of the tall forbidding mountains, and the legend of the little gulf before us. This troupe of midgets originated, mostly, in central Europe, where every landmark has a legend and every stream a myth of explanation that satisfies their curiosity.

I watched Joe disappearing into the underbrush, and saw Nanette's eyes following him wistfully but with anxiety. I knew that she must be suffering, and I knew that there was no hope. Suddenly an inspiration struck me. I would tell Nanette a story of hope. She had never seemed to be listening when I told stories before. Today I would tell one for her alone. I began:

"I dreamed that there was a man and a girl who were madly in love with each other. They married and were happy for some time. It seemed that they had been in love from childhood and that it was the thing everyone had always expected. But the man loved more deeply than the woman, who was more attractive to people. She was indeed very beautiful.

"Men began to flirt with her, and because her husband had to work hard to give her the things she wanted, although she loved him dearly, she began to encourage their attentions. Sometimes she desired some very costly gift which she knew her husband could not afford. She would mention the gift, and not long after she would receive several from her admiring male friends. You understand, however, she was true to her husband, whom she loved."

"SHE was a little coquette," said Trixie contemptuously.

"Shut up, Trix," snapped Felipe. "Go on, Tony."

"No," I hastened to assure them. "She was not so much a coquette as she was a child. She wanted pretty things, and if she could get them gratis she was willing to take them.

"But one day one of her admirers tempted her to run away with him, enumerating the wonderful things he would shower upon her, and she was tempted beyond her strength.

"That night her husband came home from work, very weary. He found the house empty, and a note saying that his wife would not be back.

"But the man she ran away with was unkind to her after a time and made her work and earn the living, and at last, weary and heartsick for her husband, whom she still loved, she returned to her home; but he had taken his own life, and was buried there under a weeping willow tree. The beautiful woman, who was no longer beautiful, was doomed to live a lifetime without him, and when she died, she met him and they were reunited. But my dream did not end there. I dreamed that they were born again in the same neighborhood and the same environment. And as children they seemed to know and love each other. But the girl stopped growing, was, in fact, a midget, while the man grew to normal manhood. He, of course, looked around for a woman his own size, and at last found one he thought resembled the midget whom he still loved. The girl became a perfectly formed woman, but miniature in size, and loved the man with a passionate, burning love. But because of her infidelity to him in her former life she was forced to live near him, sick with her desire for him, and never being allowed to have him."

LILLIAN McQUARRIE

the author of this story, was born in Utah, and educated in that state and in California. She has a number of ambitions, among them being to write, to cartoon, to study medicine, to become a psychiatrist, and to study Sanskrit, Greek, and Chinese. She makes her home in Salt Lake City.

I STOPPED at this point, and Mommer said, "Aw, nerts! Why do you want to tell these kids that sort of thing?"

And Felipe said, "We thought you were going to tell us a good one." He snorted. "Two lives, indeed!" They were all contemptuous but Nanette. In her eyes was a far-away look.

"Didn't they have another life after that?" she asked breathlessly.

"Listen to that, will you?" asked Flo. "I wouldn't let Fluff believe *that* sort of thing."

But I said to Nanette, "Of course. And they were a normal size and lived very happily."

"You didn't dream that," said Josef in his shrill voice, and then began to cough.

Nanette sprang to my defense. "He did, too," she said; "and I believe in dreams." There was a strange, happy light in her eyes after that, and in the days that followed, at almost any time you could look over by the rocks to the south of us and see Nanette sitting, gazing out to sea, her chin on her little perfect knees, her eyes thoughtful, and the waves restlessly, futilely clutching at the rocks, almost reaching her skirts.

Joe returned after an hour or so, bearing a load of coconuts and dates, his pockets laden with some kind of brown berry, very juicy, having a spicy odor. We tried the berries out on Fluff, as soon as I could lure him away without Flo seeing me, and when they failed to kill him, we decided they were a good food for us.

We spent the rest of the day clearing a place for camp, directly under a spreading palm tree, whose leaves were thick and huge and would afford shelter in case of storm. Joe cut brush, and carried rocks, and filled crevices with mud, and embellished with leaves, until, by evening, we had a pretty good shelter. We helped a little, but it's slight help a midget can be to a grown man in an emergency of this nature.

We replenished the fire and carried enough brush to last all night, and settled down, after another round of coconuts and dates and berries, for the night. Joe said he'd keep watch in case of danger, or in case a ship came in sight, and I said that I'd stay with him.

He protested, but I couldn't sleep anyway, so I sat with him, to watch. Nanette, too, was restless, and finally took her place between us on the flat rock we had placed by the fire for that purpose.

I'll admit things looked pretty dark that first night, sitting there with our backs to the fire, listening to the endless rhythmic thunder of the breakers, watching the flicker of the firelight on the faces of the sleepers and on the black foliage behind them.

We urged Nanette to lie down with the others and get rest, but she would not leave us. She said she had always got more sleep than she needed, and proceeded to try and cheer Joe up.

She started a little game of riddles and we took it up and amused ourselves until we ran out. Then we played ticktacktoo in the sand for a while. But Nanette could see that Joe was not interested.

There was silence for a little while. I was pretty blue myself. Joe could hardly speak. But Nanette was happy.

It was enough that she could sit beside Joe in his night of loneliness and desperation and attempt to cheer him.

"ARE you lonesome for Jean?" she asked at last, point-blank, and waited breathlessly for his answer. For a long moment he sat scratching in the sand with the end of a long, strong, forked stick he had cut earlier in the day, and said nothing.

Then the stick stopped moving, and glancing off into space toward the black horizon he at last said, almost inaudibly:

"Yes—I am."

Nanette was suddenly crushed, wounded, dumb, but she struggled with herself to seem nonchalant. I could see that it was a mighty effort she was making. After a moment she drew in a sharp breath and reached for his hand.

"Joe," she said in a strained voice, "let's sing our song."

Joe brought himself back from a long, far-away thought trip and looked at her.

"Okay," he said tonelessly. "Tony, you be the accompaniment."

I poom-pawed the introduction, the last few bars of her White Bird Dance, and at the right moment Nanette came in with the verse:

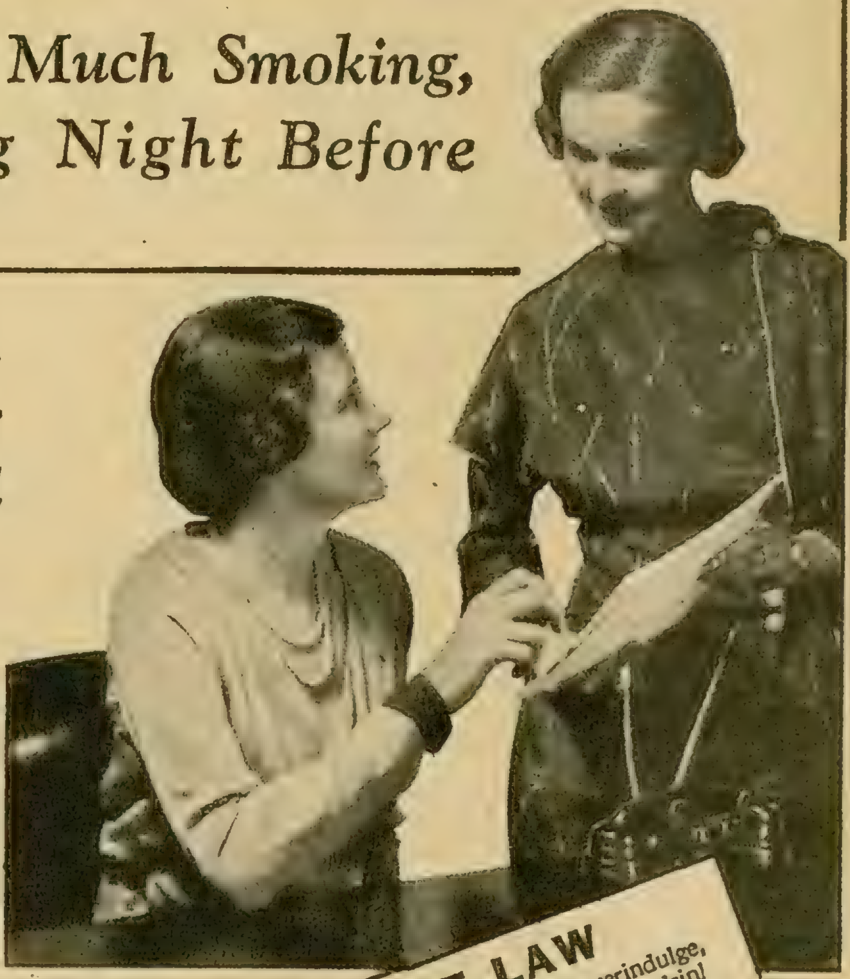
"If I were as big as you and
You were the size of me
I'd stick around you all the time—
Why don't you pay attention to me?"

But Joe, when it came his turn to respond, sat silent.

She Never Even Hoped To Be Up Before Noon

After So Much Smoking, Drinking Night Before

Yet 9 A. M. Finds Her Fresh and Smiling



THE LAW
of Good Living says: "Don't overindulge, eat too much, smoke too much, drink unwisely."

• • •

Science says: "If you do, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is probably the quickest and most effective way to avoid feeling its after-effects."

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Neutralizes Foods and Tobacco Acids a few minutes after taking.

"Aren't you going to sing, Joe?" Nanette asked him plaintively.

Joe shook his head.

Nanette gave me the sign to keep on with the accompaniment, and I hummed the tune, plunking it out with my thumb and the corner of my mouth to sound like a banjo.

She began whirling and swooping and careening about madly, as though she were being watched by an audience of thousands.

Joe watched her, fascinated.

"Gee, Nanette," he breathed, "you can certainly drown your disappointments. It's a happy faculty." He shook his head in wonder. Nanette continued her wild, free dance, and at last, with the feeble applause Joe and I could give her, the breeze blowing away from us and carrying our noise with it, she returned and sat down as triumphantly as though she had just swayed thousands of fans.

JOE slipped his arm about her slender waist and sat for a while surveying the crown of her little aristocratic head.

Presently her head drooped back against him and she slept like a child. Joe lifted her into his lap and held her the remainder of the night. Out of a long silence Joe said to me:

"Tony, if I were a king I'd knight you for entertaining them today while I went for food. That was no small job, I'll tell you."

"No," said I. "And it was no small job that you did, either. Was the food hard to find?"

"No," said Joe. "But I had to go quite far to get it. It will be easier next time. I'll just stick to the beach line and follow it to the coconut trees. I'm not a born climber, but sometimes desperation makes a fellow do things that might otherwise be impossible."

I looked at him in wonder. Could it be possible that anything was difficult for Joe?

Joe laid Nanette under the shelter near the others and came back and sat down. The sky line along the eastern horizon was getting gray.

In looking back now, I can't understand why my heart was not in my mouth with every beat of thunder from the waves against the rocks. But with Joe so near and so big, I guess I felt like the others did, that he was our omnipotent protector, in the presence of whom there was nothing to fear.

Just before the sun burst above the still, far line of shining horizon into the pink place already prepared for it, Joe, just in the nick of time, saved the lives of those under the tree. Glancing up suddenly, for no reason at all except, as he said afterward, that his eyes were suddenly drawn in that direction, he saw a strange snake dangling from the thick foliage of the tree. In an instant he was on his feet, the long forked stick in his hand.

With one swift blow he flung the reptile far into the air toward the water. It landed on the rocks at the water's edge and, without warning, turned as if to charge upon us.

I was not responsible for the shriek that escaped me, nor the mortal terror I felt at that moment. But I did not waken the others. They went on sleeping as soundly as before. I don't believe that anything could have aroused them from their untroubled slumbers. Joe advanced toward the viper and pinned it under the fork of his pole.

It was hard to kill. Joe wouldn't let me help. He made me stand guard over the others in case another serpent of this variety appeared. But none did, and soon after Joe had its head ground to a pulp between two rocks. We sat down again and watched its body wriggle until I had the jitters.

It was horrifying. I was no use at all the whole day, and even now at the thought of a snake the cold shivers start up my spine. Joe wasn't afraid, though. Or—maybe he was. But if he was, I didn't have the brains to notice it then. That day we moved our camp out under the open sky.

THE next day, or maybe it was the next, I was wandering along the south side of the island, which we discovered to be a very small island, comparatively, and listed on the map as St. James' Island, when I heard a powerful roaring that seemed to come from somewhere very near me.

I listened, and it sounded like muffled wind. I didn't know what to make of it, but went back to camp to report. Joe had noticed that I was gone and was pretty glad to see me. I told him and we all went to see what it was.

We found that it was a cavern straight down into the earth, pitch black down there, with noises like gusts of wind or rushing waters emanating from it.

"This must be volcanic formation," said Joe. "These are known as blowholes, and are almost bottomless."

"Oooo!" breathed Nanette, and edged closer to Joe. Joe looked down at her and grinned.

"What's the matter, little fellow?" asked Joe, but Nanette only clung to his hand and said nothing.

She was sweet, those days we were stranded. She seemed to forget everything in the past, and lived as though her whole life had terminated in a grand merging with native life. At night in the firelight she danced on the beach, dressed in a costume she had brought—a gypsy costume of many bright colors, of filmy material, with spangles all over it, and a long sash with ends dangling and jingling. One evening we decided to put on our show for the wild waves, but we found that the act little Fritzy had dominated was too sad to play without him.

And three of the younger ones were coughing, and Freddie, another of our troupe, had a raging fever. There were insects, too, that proved to be very unpleasant, and would leave only with the coolness of the evening and the swift winds.

Joe was worried. The only thing he could do was to give little Freddie plenty of water and keep a water-soaked cloth on his forehead. Nanette was bearing up wonderfully. Never once did she resort to lament, but

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at Joe's beck and call was ready and on her toes to do whatever he commanded.

Mommer was handy as a nurse and did all she could for Freddie and the others until she began to lose her vitality and thought she was going to die. Those were strenuous, hair-raising days.

Several times snakes came hissing at us and Joe killed them as he had the first one, but they were getting more hostile.

Flo's dog was attacked by one and bitten. He swelled up to twice his size, his eyes closed, and he barked and moaned until he died. I thought we would have to bury Flo, too, the way she carried on. She cried day and night.

About the only rest we got was after they were all asleep. Nanette and Joe and I would sit and gaze out toward the sea, the camp fire always burning bright, hoping for someone to come.

At the end of the eighth day, after the others had settled down for the night, we sat gazing into the fire. It was a gorgeous night, with a full moon over our shoulders, and every human sound hushed.

"I sure hope they see our fire to-night," said Joe, as was his custom. We were always hoping "they" would come.

I didn't see how we could keep our reason much longer, with the troupe getting worse, two of them ill with fever by this time, and all of them but Nanette and me coughing as if they would tear their lungs out.

NANETTE said nothing in response to our expressed hopes. She just sat gazing at Joe, her soul in her eyes.

Joe could stand it no longer.

"Why do you look at me like that, little thin girl with enormous eyes?" he asked.

He held her tiny hand in his tight grip and searched her face.

"Because—" began Nanette, facing him with clear eyes, and then she stopped.

"You needn't say any more," said Joe sadly. "I am having my own difficulties—little dear one."

Nanette sighed deeply and lapsed into silence. But I could see that she was more restless than ever.

"What makes you so restless, Nanette dear?" Joe asked. "I'm afraid you didn't get your sleep today while we were sleeping."

She laughed a little mirthless laugh. "I went exploring today," she said. She slipped her arm through his. "I think that our song would satisfy me right now." And without further ado she began singing.

Nanette's soul was in her voice, her gestures, her eyes as she sang that song. And a new note had crept into Joe's voice.

Hardly daring to hold her to him for fear of crushing her, but with a desire that was pain to him, he responded to her song, while I plunked

A SKINNY FELLOW HASN'T A CHANCE. I WISH I COULD GAIN SOME FLESH
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out the accompaniment with my finger and my lips.

We must have been a strange sight, out there in the moonlight, playing and singing.

And when the song was ended another song sprang to Nanette's lips, and after that another and another, Joe and I joining in, until we were carried away by the feeling of our own harmony, the moonlight all around us, and the rhythm of the waves against the shore.

It must have had a strange effect upon us, for we at last, exhausted, fell asleep. When we awoke it was daylight. Freddie's fever had abated and we all felt better than we had for days. . . .

I think it was Mommer who first sighted the ship off on the horizon, and as it grew bigger and at last loomed up before us, not far out in the water, we were overjoyed.

We had not let the fire die down once, but it was not that that had attracted them. It seems that they had been searching for us for days. Every single passenger on the Anastasia II had been rescued, even little Fritzy, who we thought was gone forever.

We did not stop at Bermuda, but allowed them to take us straight into New York harbor.

Something, however, occurred just before we left the island that still appalls me.

Just as we were climbing into the boat to be taken over to the ship, Joe noticed that Nanette was missing.

"Where is she?" he asked me, and I shook my head. She had been beside me a moment before.

"Why did you let her get out of sight, Tony?" he demanded; but I could not say—unless it was her desire to evade me. Sometimes a strong desire accomplishes miracles.

I could not understand how she had disappeared without my knowledge.

We ran along the beach with two of the rescue party, calling her name as loudly as we could, and one of the men blew a whistle that surely should have attracted her attention, but we could see nothing of her.

Back toward the coconut and the date-palm groves we ran, but there were no footprints in the sand that we could distinguish as hers.

When we retraced our footsteps we stopped near the blowholes and Joe scrutinized closely the footprints down near the water's edge. My glance happened to fall upon a tiny footprint—not near the water—but damp.

It was a darker gray against the light gray of the dry rocks at the edge of the blowholes!

I was overwhelmed for a moment, realizing what it meant, and tears blinded me, but I quickly brushed them away and placed my own foot over the mark as Joe approached me.

"Come on, Tony," he said hoarsely. "She's not here."

I followed them back to the boat. Joe had us all taken on board and given medical attention while he, together with a party of men from the boat, searched the island.

All that night they searched, and when I saw Joe the next morning he was desperate.

"Tony," he said, "I'll go mad if we don't find some trace of her. We can't leave this island until we find out! If we only knew that she was dead!"

JOE was never the same after that. He got moody, and we had to wait on ourselves pretty much going back.

We didn't put on our act any more until we had it revised and worked Trixie into the leading part.

Strangely enough, when we got back to San Francisco, Joe took me with him when he first called to see Jean.

There she was, all smiling and happy to see him, but she was changed somehow. Pretty soon I saw what it was that was different.

She had hennaed her hair! Joe didn't marry her. And he quit his job managing the International Midgets.

I don't know where he is now, but I'm willing to bet that, wherever he is, he's lonesome for us—and Nanette.

THE END

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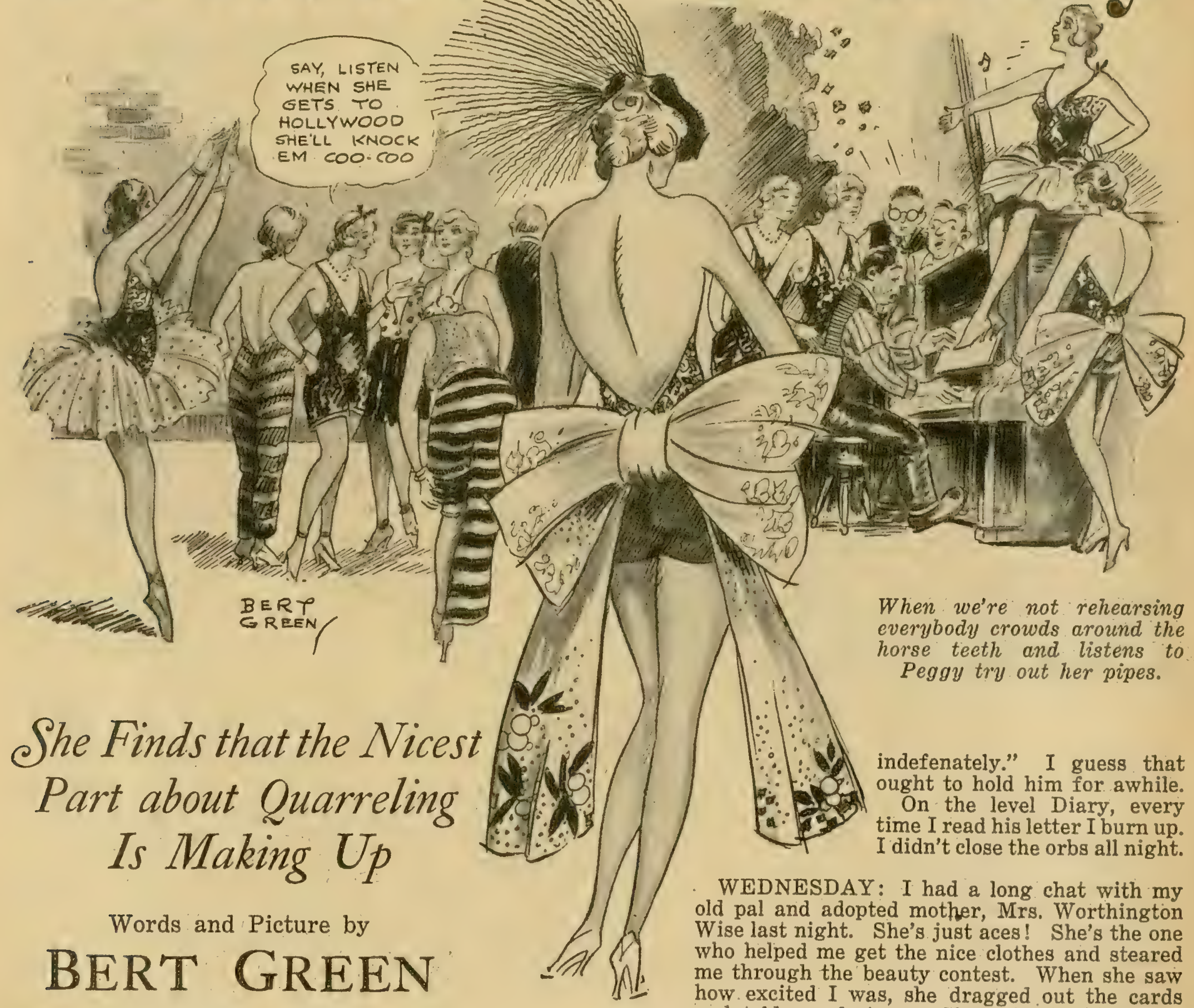
Diana's Diary


SAY, LISTEN WHEN SHE GETS TO HOLLYWOOD SHE'LL KNOCK EM COO-COO
BERT GREEN

When we're not rehearsing everybody crowds around the horse teeth and listens to Peggy try out her pipes.

She Finds that the Nicest Part about Quarreling Is Making Up

Words and Picture by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 7 minutes 5 seconds.)

MONDAY: Well, Diary, what a nice spot I'm in. Here I've been lucky enough to join the Scandals when along comes a letter from my Dream Boy David putting up a squawk. He says,

"When I sprung your letter on the family my *mother went wild.* Mother's rather old fashioned; she thinks that any girl who goes on the stage is headed for ruination. She wants me to marry a society deb by the name of Gloria VanBexel. But *I love you* Diana, and that's all that matters."

Oh, is that so! So I'm not good enough for mamma's darling boy, eh? No, not me, I'm just a show girl and an ex-manicurist. Well, that's just too darned bad. I suppose if I'd've bounced out of some frog finishing school with a mortarboard on my head surrounded by a flock of high-hat tutors, I'd be the cat's meow. Well, I'm not going to let him get away with the idea that a show girl isn't as good as anyone else, either. How d'ya like that? From now on I won't even answer his letters or phone calls or anything.

TUESDAY: Well, he called once last night and again early this morning. The hallboy told him I was "out indefenately." I guess that ought to hold him for awhile.

On the level Diary, every time I read his letter I burn up. I didn't close the orbs all night.

WEDNESDAY: I had a long chat with my old pal and adopted mother, Mrs. Worthington Wise last night. She's just aces! She's the one who helped me get the nice clothes and steared me through the beauty contest. When she saw how excited I was, she dragged out the cards and told my fortune. She said, "Your cards show that you are surrounded by the evil influence of a dark woman. This dark woman is going to try to make trouble for you. She's very close to your Dream Boy, the Jack of Diamonds."

"Yeah? I'll bet that's his mother, alright."

"But I see also two other women—the Queen of Hearts and the Queen of Diamonds."

"Oh, I'll bet one of 'em is Gloria (the cat), the one his mother wants him to marry."

"But who's this other woman, the Queen of Hearts?"

"I'll be jiggered if I know—maybe that's another frail I'll have to poison!"

"No, no! This woman is going to be your *friend.* I'd advise you to stop worrying Diana, because I see a message, an invitation or some word containing good news."

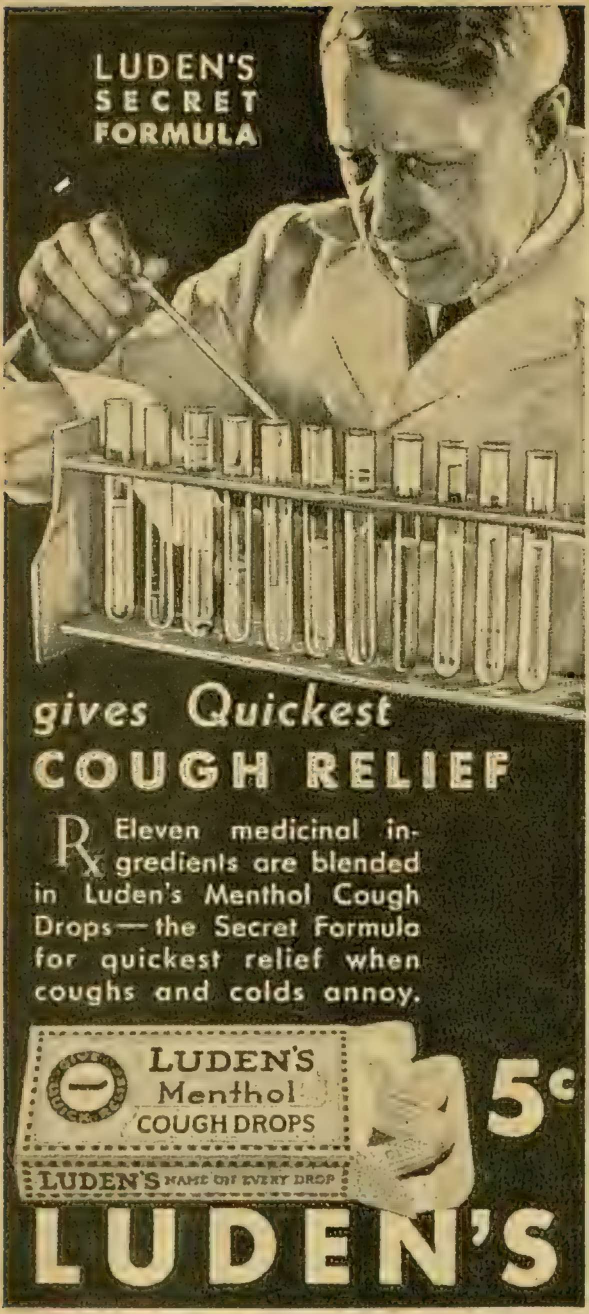
When I returned to my apartment, the hallboy handed me this phone message.

Wed. 11 P.M. Southampton.

Are you purposely avoiding me? What is the trouble? Please wire or phone. Don't torture me this way.

DAVID.

Really, this makes me feel terrible. I really ought to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142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

call him. Here he's been buzzing me long distance and I don't even answer. I guess he's really sorry. I wouldn't have him think I was high-hatting him for worlds. I don't think it would do any harm to give him a teeny weeny ring, do you Diary? Maybe I better wait one more day. Sure, that's what I'll do. I'll call him tomorrow afternoon. As a matter of fact, I can't wait any longer myself.

THURSDAY: When I went to rehearsal today, I kind of forgot all about David—at least for the time being. To begin with, they changed my dressing room to Number 14 and stuck me in with some of the prettiest girls in the show. In my room there's Thelma Brooks, Hazel McCartney, Mildred Erickson and Fay Searls. Whata troup! When we're not rehearsing everybody crowds around the horse teeth and listens to Peggy the comedienne try out her pipes. If you don't think a show-girl's life is a riot you should get a load of their experiences.

Take for instance Thelma Brooks, our red head. She became a show girl by way of the Big Struggle over in France. When a friend of George White's was wounded in Bellow Woods, he sent George a letter reading—"If I fold up, do what you can for the Kid Sister." To make a tall story shorter, the Kid Sister not only made good hoofing but she's speaking lines as well.

Then there's Mildred Erickson. Mildred is studying to be a concert pianist. Believe me, when she leans on the fireworks in Mr. Listz's Rhapsody, the ivories catch hell. Mildred says she only struts in the Scandals to get enough sugar to pay the rap on her piano lessons.

Hazel McCartney, our little Irish beauty from County Cork, is a riot. She's one of the few show girls who can do impersonations, sing and do acrobatic dancing as well. She started her career in some slab in Minnesota frolicking in amateur theatricals. She said she played Little Eva so well in Uncle Tom's Bungalow, that the visiting firemen took up a collection and sent her to New York to become a big shot. But after three weeks of missing meals and sleeping in egg crates, she said she became desperate. One night she stole into White's office (disguised as a scrubwoman) and said, "I'm looking for a new boss and I guess you'll do!"—and with that she broke into a comedy break-down with a lip organ that was a yell. The head man admired her nerve, and gave her a job.

And so it goes. I'm going to write a lot about the girls and life backstage because it's so interesting.

FRIDAY: Well, the first thing that greeted me this morning was this letter from David—

Shadylawn,
Southampton, L. I.

SWEETHEART,

I have called both your apartment and the theater a dozen times without result. Please tell me what's wrong, dear.

I do hope you haven't taken exception to my last letter and wire. Please don't think I have any serious intentions with Gloria VanBexel. She's a nice girl and all that, but I would never think of marrying her. Oh, if you only knew how I love you Diana, you wouldn't keep me worrying this way.

If I don't hear from you by wire, I'll be right on your trail.

Your own DAVID.

WESTERN UNION
FX 127 1130 AM NY II AF
C DAVID MANTON
SHADYLAWN
SOUTHAMPTON LI
FELT VERY BADLY OVER YOUR REFERENCE TO SHOW GIRL STOP SORRY I AM NOT AS GOOD AS SOMEBODY ELSE
DIANA

WESTERN UNION
CW 136 120 PM SOUTHAMPTON LI
MISS DIANA MC COY
SELWYN THEATER NY
DONT BE A SILLY LITTLE KID STOP WILL SEE YOU TOMORROW AFTERNOON LOVE
DAVID

Oh boy, now it starts. I'm so nervous I could scream.

SATURDAY: When I got home from the theater this afternoon, who was waiting in the hall talking to the colored hallboy but *David.* Yes, and he followed me right up *into* my apartment. Oh, and was I mortified to death to have a wealthy boy like him see the shack I live in.

"Gee, it's the cutest place I ever saw," he said smiling.

"Don't make me laugh," I answered, leaning on the dignity.

"Now, listen here young lady," he commanded, grabbing me by the shoulders. "Why haven't you answered my phone calls?"

"Because I didn't like the tone of your wire, that's what."

So I gave him a good piece of my mind. I told him that even if I were a show girl, I was just as good as anyone else. "Yes, and what's more, you might better marry Gloria VanBexel and be done with it because *I'm through!*"

"You don't mean that," he said.

"I certainly do. I hate you!"

"Now you just stop this nonsense Diana," he whispered, looking straight into my eyes. "There's only one girl I'm crazy about and that's y—"

Oh, my gosh, the next thing I knew he wrapped me in his great big powerful arms and I just p-a-s-s-e-d O-U-T C-O-M-P-L-E-T-E-L-Y!!! Oh, and did I love it? It's the first fight we ever had and the making up was just heavenly.

Oh, and Diary, he's going to drive me to Southampton next week to meet his mother and sister! I wonder if they'll like me. I guess I was all wrong about society people being snobs, eh? Honestly, if I were any happier I'd shoot myself.

Is the Bird in Hand REALLY *Worth Two in the Bush?*

Symposium of Great Thinkers on a Much Mooted Question

By

DR. SEUSS

PART I

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"This Image is no longer available"
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MAHYERIZ
MAZEREWSKI
(Janitor of the Polish Corridor)

"SPEAKING from an absolutely unbiased point of view, locking my ears to the treacherous winds of prejudiced gossip, and stanchly intrenched in the fortress of equanimity, I think it's six of one and half a dozen of the other."

GUS APFEL
(North Bloomer, Ontario)
"I can't say that I wish to be quoted."

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LIBERTY The STORIES NEVER DIE! LIBERTY LIBRARY CORPORATION

IVAR B. KROLL
(Honorary Eagle Scout, Chickadee Patrol, Troop 4, Boy Scouts of Onbst, Esthonia)
"Yes and No."

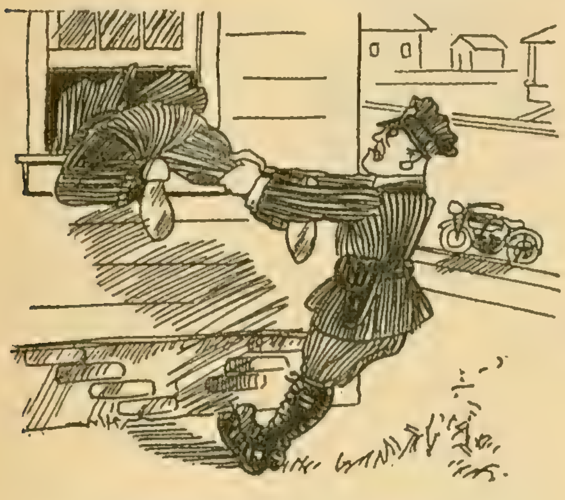
[Concluded next week]

Vox

Say, You've Got to Speed Up Your Hind Legs

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Depression struck our home in a big way. Having had two cuts in pay, and many obligations, I have been unable to buy a copy of Liberty each week.

Yesterday, on seeing my neighbors leave for a drive in their auto, I thought I could sneak in their back window and read the short short and Vox Pop from their copy before their return. Just as I was drawing my hind legs in the window a motorcycle cop came along!



Just another brother gone wrong on account of your goofy weekly.

Fortunately, the wife is away on her vacation. But kindly rush aid! —*Bill Rice.*

A Few Gusts of the Winds that Will Blow on Election Day

CHICAGO, ILL.—Liberty should, in this very issue, be printing an article emphasizing the fact that the Republican Party, with our so-called friends, President Hoover and Vice President Curtis, is riding on a yes-and-no wet plank. What a joke! Do they think that, after four years of the yea-and-nay stuff that they have given us, we are so dumb as to waste our votes again on their promises?

Joseph T. Delehanty

If that pair of candidates think they can fool the voters again they had better campaign in the jungles, where they may get all the votes they want for a few beads, and a handful of salt, and some promises.

I am sure that our American citizens will elect Roosevelt and Garner, and that Hoover and Curtis will not be allowed to mess the country up again with their poor "facing-both-ways" administration.—*Joseph T. Delehanty.*

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—A bird's-eye view of Herbert Hoover's record leads us to the reflection that Mr. Hoover belongs —or, rather, *has* belonged—to all of us. To foreigners during the many years he was one of them; to Democrats the eight years he was one of us, during the Wilson administration; to Republicans the eleven years he has held office under that party.

Down here in the South we have a tradition that allows us to say anything we please about our own people but we rise up in arms if an outsider dares to criticize them.

Maude McIver Rountree

Applying this to Mr. Hoover, he has, by his frequent quick-change politics, given every and anybody the rightful privilege of criticizing or defending him any way or any time one may see fit.

It just depends upon which date of his political life is mentioned.—*Maude McIver Rountree.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—At a conservative estimate there are eight million unemployed in this country. Counting their dependents there must be at least twenty million people who have to look to charity for their next meal.

And who is responsible? That peerless leader, that Great Engineer, Herbert Hoover.

My Lord, can anyone bring himself to actually *vote* for the man?—*L. Scott.*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Many people in this country are smitten with the idea that the depression was brought about by the blundering hands of our Chief Executive. This belief only goes to show the abject ignorance of these people.

Will Americans ever get over the misconception that this depression was brought about by the actions of *one* person? The present economic situation is universal, and was caused by the people of the whole world. Anyone who entertains the thought that by simply replacing our President by a politician (with due respect to said politician) we can immediately restore prosperity gives rise to the suspicion that he has spoken without thinking, or has no gift for using his head.—*R. H. Fletcher.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Liberty should want the most intelligent candidate to win. And when I say the most intelligent, I mean Roosevelt. Because, you see, Roosevelt is a believer in Liberty's pet back-to-the-land movement.

In his own state he has started a campaign to put ex-farmers back on farms. And if he lands in the White House he may extend this movement, and make it a Federal policy.—*Back-to-the-Soil Democrat.*

ITHACA, N. Y.—When I see all these nasty cracks about Hoover, I get sore. Yes, sir! Why in h— doesn't Roosevelt stay home and work for us farmers in his state, like Hoover's working in Washington for the good of the nation, instead of gallivanting all over the country, making cracks about the President?

Believe it or not, I'm not a Republican —just another Democrat rooting for the best man: the fellow who can pull us out of this hole.—*J. A. Cook.*

On the Fellow Who Changes "Is" to "Was"

CHICAGO, ILL.—Did you ever have a red-hot toothache, and feel as if each minute was an hour, and the pain was never going to end? You get wild ideas at a time like that. Well, Uncle Sam has been in a state of mind like that, with his toothache, the depression.

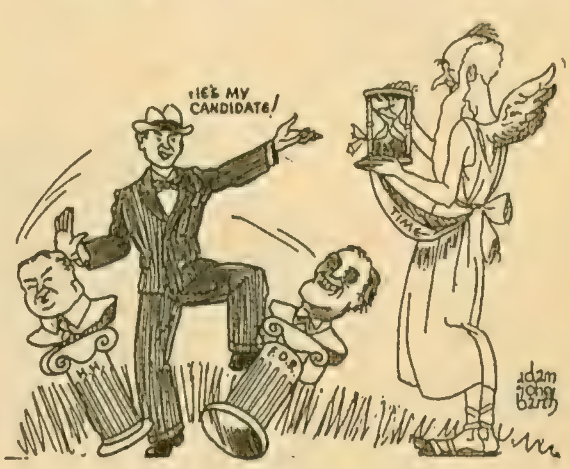
But our toothaches were always brought to an end, weren't they? And every previous slump always ended, didn't it? And this current scare is letting up right now, isn't it?

Well, what I want to point out is that it's only because lots of us have been suffering, and open to wild ideas, that an editor would not only consider printing but actually *did* print such an article as "Are We Ripe for a 'Revolution'?" by Jay Franklin.

The worst of it is, Mr. Franklin thinks we *are* ripe for one. Bunk, tripe, and horsefeathers!

I suppose Jay thinks we need a revolution to end the depression. Well, we *don't* need a revolution to end it, nor can Roosevelt or Hoover, unaided, put a stop to it. The same fellow can end it who ended all our toothaches and all our slumps. We must be patient while he does his dental work. I mean old Father Time.

As a depression killer I reject both Hoover and Roosevelt. Father Time is my candidate! He's the only one who can make us stop saying, "What a slump it is!" and start us saying, "What a slump it *was!*"

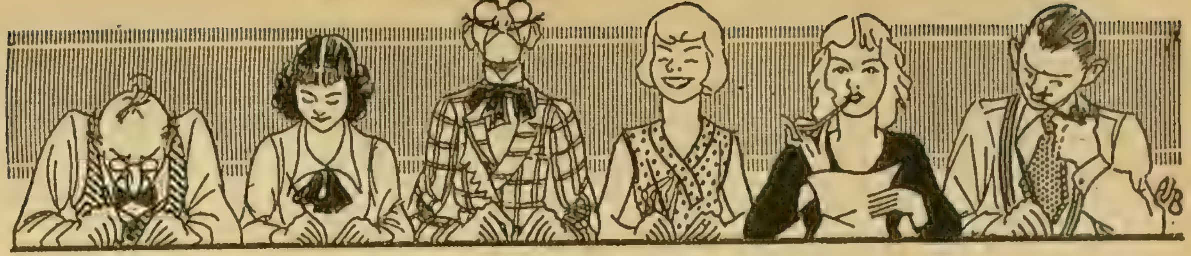

HE'S MY CANDIDATE!
TIME
F.D.R.

Just wait. He'll do his work sooner than we expect!—*F. Thayer.*

Good Boy Yourself!

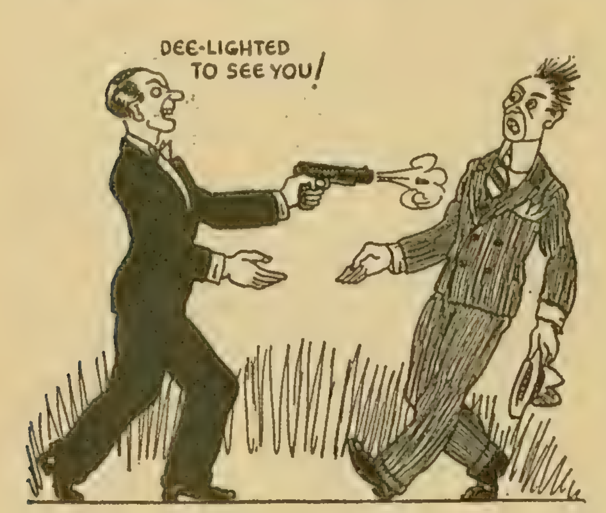
CHICAGO, ILL.—Elmer Davis' yarn, "You Can't Cheat Destiny," was deft, very deft. Good plot, good style—good boy, Elmer!—*F. Boyd.*

Pop



If You Were Thinking of Asking Us to Visit You—Don't

New York, N. Y.—I am a business man whose line of work forces him to be somewhat of a professional "mixer." So my home is constantly full of guests. Guests coming and guests going. Guests singing in the bathtub at six thirty in the morning, and guests snoring throughout the night.


DEE-LIGHTED TO SEE YOU!

And that's why I got a big chuckle out of Franklin P. Adams' clever article, "Guests."

Somebody or other once said: "There is something obnoxious about the innate guestiness of guesthood."

Well, I'm right here to state that there is something much *more* obnoxious about the innate hostiness of hosthood!

Only the other day a man arrived to spend a whole week—a whole terrible week—with us. And when I was saying to him, "*Dee*-lighted to see you!" I was wishing I could shoot him, and get away with it.

I will shoot him sometime, too. Just wait!—*Guest Hater.*

No, It's Something Else

Somewhere in Maine—I would never dare drink after viewing Dr. Seuss' cartoons.

He either suffers from D. T.'s or has acquired Poe's imagination.—*Señor "K."*

And Now, Consider the Farmer

Dubuque, Ia.—Your recent editorial, "Hurrah for the Farmer!" gets the cart before the horse as to the basis of prosperity.

Pay rolls are the basis of prosperity, not the prices the farmer gets for his crops. When pay rolls shrink or cease the industrial worker becomes a competitor of the farmer, raising as much of his own food as possible and in many cases going actively into the business of farming.

The only reason the farmer does not go direct to the consumer with his products is that he can neither do the job as cheaply nor as well as the middlemen.

There are no forces standing between the producer and the consumer. Farmers can and do bring their products to market and sell them to the consumer here in Iowa, but they soon find that the best and most profitable man to sell them to is the much maligned middleman.—*W. W. Moffatt.*

Houston, Tex. — Your editorial, "Hurrah for the Farmer!" hit the nail square on the head.

And it is time the farmers were doing something about it.

The prosperity of the farmer is the foundation of all prosperous business. Our whole trouble today is that the financiers have, for the past few years, neglected to look after the foundation, overlooking the fact that the strongest house in the world will fall if the foundation fails.

After going through what they have for the past three years, it looks like the farmers should now know that they must look after the foundation themselves.

They can see by now that all those refinancing bills are used for refinancing the financiers.—*H. L. Roberts.*

We're Glad Everybody Likes It

Sioux City, Ia.—I have just read the winning tale in Liberty's First Story offer—namely, "The Weaker Vessel," by Lamira A. Williams Jarrell. You paid $1,000 for that story, but when I reached the end of it I was at a loss whether to laugh or cry.

Mrs. John Scott, Jr.

Perhaps I am like a certain prominent politician who recently said to the farmers: "I may be too damned dumb to understand."

The beginning was good, but the ending was entirely too dense.—*Mrs. John Scott, Jr.*

Cincinnati, Ohio—"The Weaker Vessel," by Lamira A. Williams Jarrell, is beyond all doubt the best story you have published in many months.

Evidently this young woman is destined to go down in history as one of America's great writers.—*Thomas L. Orr.*

Atlanta, Ga.—If "The Weaker Vessel" is the *best* out of thirty thousand MSS., the literary saints have mercy on the *worst!*—*Mamie Louise Pitts.*

Los Angeles, Calif.—After reading your First Story winner I don't know which deserves the more credit—the author for a beautiful story, or your judges for having the brains to recognize a wonderful offering.

More power to both parties!—*A. B. Marshall.*

Irritated

Columbus, Ohio—Of all the articles I have ever read, "Things We Might Learn from the French!" most thoroughly got under my hide. If your contributor, Diana Bourbon, thinks that the French are individually more tolerant, understanding, and wise than we, France is the place she should betake herself to with the speed of chain lightning.

She has not and may not ever contact real America sufficiently well to be able to appreciate that we are wise enough to refuse to swallow her sort of argument.

Of all the nations which seemed to show poor sportsmanship after the war, France holds the record.—*Virgil A. Eberly.*

Not Bad, Paddy, Not Bad

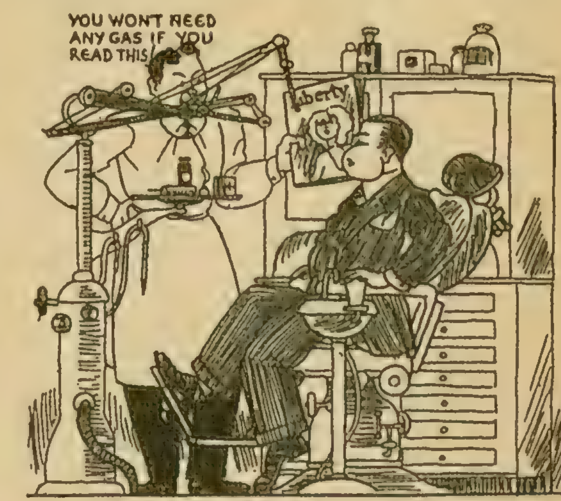
Lethbridge, Alta, Can.—Say, your letter-writing subscriber to Liberty who says some of the Vox Poppers sicken him makes me feel like a man they tried to hang in Dublin.

When the rope broke he told the hangman he gave him a pain in the neck.—*Paddy Smith.*

Thanks, We'll Have it Patented

Memphis, Tenn.—I am a dentist. Among the magazines in my reception room may be found Liberty. One must be careful of the reading matter offered a person with dental ailments.

The other day I discovered a boon to my branch of the healing art. As one of my patients entered the office from the reception room, he was apparently in a daze. He obeyed all instructions in a mechanical fashion without demonstrating any feeling of pain. Taking advantage of the situation, I extracted a tooth without premedication with novocain. The patient still showed no signs of pain.


YOU WON'T NEED ANY GAS IF YOU READ THIS!
Liberty

On investigation, I later discovered that he had been reading Liberty immediately prior to entering the operating room. Being an unselfish scientific man, I shall demonstrate my unique discovery to the dental profession, as I find it works better than gas!—*Ben Patur, D.D.S.*

To the Ladies!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

OUT on the sidewalk on sunny days, in front of a commercial hotel near the Pennsylvania Station, you can see a gaunt old gentleman walking up and down. He is head and shoulders above the New York crowd. He is a giant.

Nikola Tesla

Dr. Nikola Tesla is a giant in this town and time. During the greater part of this the greatest century in the inventive life of mankind, Dr. Tesla has worked and discovered and thought among the foremost.

He invented the arc light, developed the transmission of electric power without wires. He worked with Edison. His experiments in charging the human body with high-frequency currents (under certain specific conditions) have proved of inestimable value in medical practice.

"Some day," said Dr. Tesla, "we will all be using these so-called 'electrical baths' to cleanse our bodies of dust and dirt."

As I talked with Tesla his thoughts swept back over the centuries to man's first awareness of electricity.

"Moses had an instrument for storing electricity," Tesla told me. "It came from the Egyptians, and it generated electricity from the friction of the wind blowing against curtains of silk."

We talked of Dr. Tesla's childhood; of his Serbian parents; of Smiljan—Place of Flowers—where he was born.

The vividness of his memory amazed me. Dr. Tesla remembers everything he ever has done or seen or heard throughout his long and eventful life. Incidents which occurred when he was two years old are as clear to him as those of yesterday, and he remembers word for word the text of books read in childhood.

Vision, a tremendous capacity for observation, intense interest in all the manifestations of creation—these are Dr. Tesla's, and with them a grave and courtly kindliness.

AMONG the new books I like particularly Martha Ostenso's Prologue to Love. The rugged northern country of British Columbia interested me and the strength of the story is unusual, I thought. (Published by Dodd, Mead.)

SOME days ago a determined lady—she is socially prominent and very active in charity work—attempted to prove to me that everyone was much happier in the Middle Ages than most of us are today.

Since I talked with the determined lady I have come upon some rules that were in force at a rich English monastery of medieval times.

"A bath should by no means be refused to a body when compelled thereto by the needs of ill health. . . . Should a brother wish for one when not advantageous, his desire is not to be gratified."

That was one of the rules. I wonder how the determined lady would like being compelled to forgo the bathing privileges of our kindly civilization? I wonder how she would like to wear the towering hair arrangement of the eighteenth century—and take her hair down only once a month?

Not for me! I prefer to live in 1932.

DO you remember the days when children were encouraged to collect flowers, ferns, and leaves, to press them and save them, and to pin them on sheets of thick paper with a neat description of each specimen written in a corner?

These childhood herbariums were beautiful and instructive. I had, I remember, a fine collection of dried seaweeds. Our trend today is all toward professionalism. Collecting leaves and plants is too often dismissed as leading nowhere.

Yet the road that seems to wander nowhere has a way, at times, of leading to some unexpected haven. For example:

Fifty women who learned how to preserve and classify plants when they were girls have just been given steady jobs at the New York Botanical Garden.

THE mole has burrowed its way back into favor. Moleskin is the fur of the year for our new "transformation" sets.

Wonderful things, these sets, and I am told that Scotch pelts are the best of the moleskins.

I saw one set consisting of a medium-sized moleskin collar with two fur scarf ends that could be attached to the collar or clipped on to a striped jersey scarf, and a small cape to be used with the collar or without. These combinations served in turn on two suits, two coats, and a cloth dress. I'll bet that set was made of Scotch mole. No other mole could inspire such thrift!

I MET a tall blonde at a recent tea party. I didn't hear her name. I judged her to be about thirty-five. "Mutton," said I to myself, "dressed as lamb."

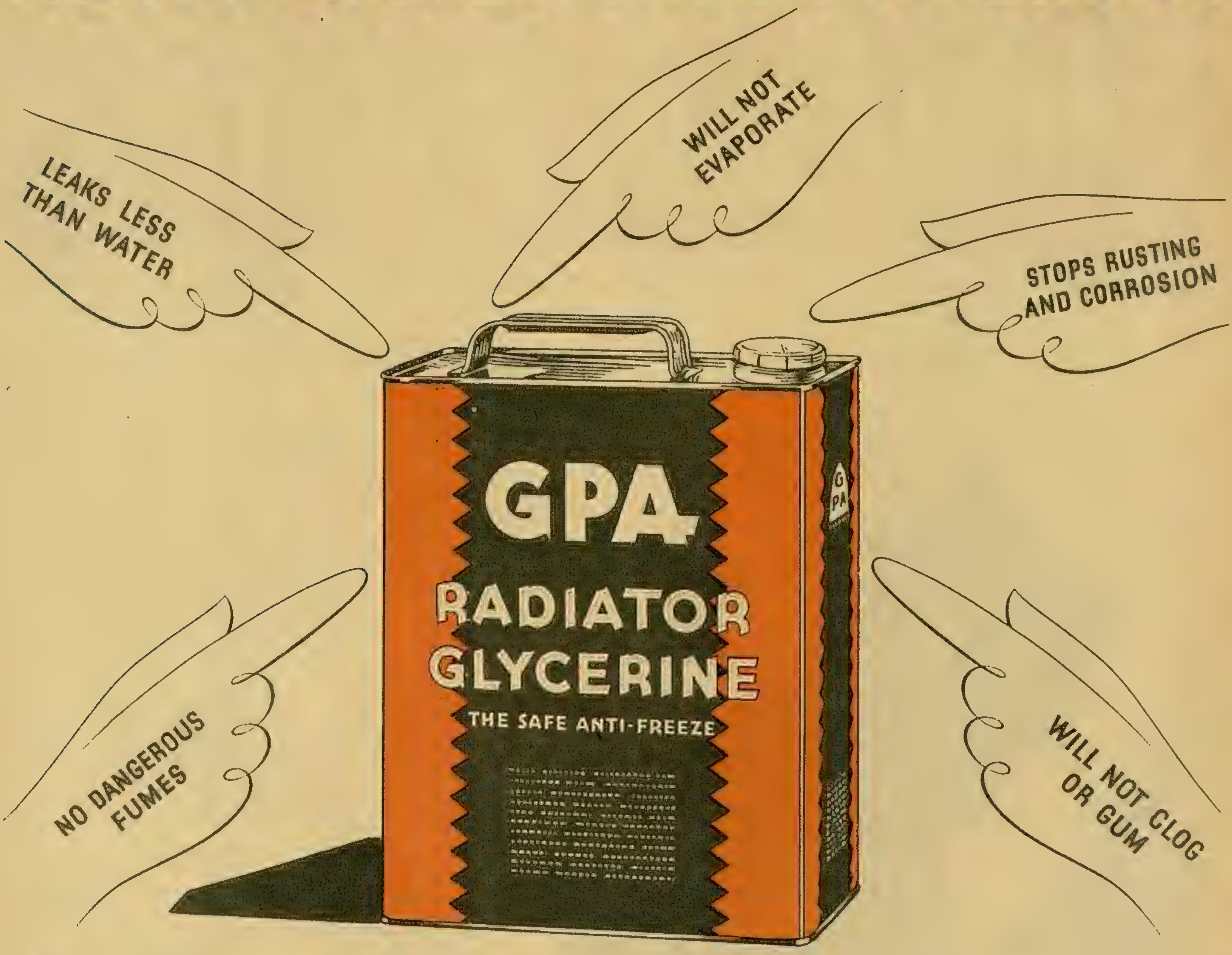
A pancake hat perched on her curls—the way kids put their hats on sometimes when they are being funny. Her baby-blue dress clung too intimately to her figure, and she wore a large cheap-looking ornament at her throat—of imitation diamonds, I thought.

Half an hour later I learned her name. She was a much advertised beauty, a woman of great wealth. I realized that her diamonds were real but so ostentatious that they looked false.

And her actual age, I knew, was twenty-five, not thirty-five.

With just a little dignity and taste she would have looked a youthful twenty-five. Her foolish pursuit of schoolgirl "kiddishness" added ten years to her appearance.

NEW! SAFER! COSTS LESS!



THE new G. P. A. is the anti-freeze *bargain* of 1932!

Not only is G. P. A. considerably lower in price but it is definitely better than ever for your car.

G. P. A. is, of course, permanent as always. It will not evaporate or boil away. One filling lasts all winter. No bothersome refillings!

Not only that, but the new G. P. A. *leaks less than water.* If your cooling system is water-tight, G. P. A. will "stay put" indefinitely.

Another remarkable feature of the new G. P. A.: It stops the rusting and corrosion caused by ordinary tap water; and this protection continues after G. P. A. is drained out. It also retards the disintegration of rubber hose. In every way it is better for your cooling system than plain water.

All in all, there are 14 important advantages of the new G. P. A. Read them carefully. See if G. P. A. is not the kind of anti-freeze you want this year.

Safer! Surer! Lower in price!

14 ADVANTAGES OF G. P. A.

1. Gives complete protection against freeze-ups to 30° below zero.
2. Will not evaporate—not even on the warmest days. One filling lasts all winter.
3. Leaks less than water.
4. Protects all metals of the cooling system against corrosion and the rust caused by tap water. This protection continues after G. P. A. is drained out.
5. Retards disintegration of rubber hose.
6. Positively will not clog or gum radiator.
7. Mixes quickly and permanently with water.
8. Never overheats motor.
9. Does not injure Duco or other finishes.
10. No unpleasant or dangerous fumes.
11. Safe—non-poisonous, non-inflammable.
12. Permits better operating temperatures.
13. Made to G. P. A. *quality*-standards.
14. Lower in price. More economical than ever.

● *FILL EARLY:* Since G. P. A. will not evaporate you can safely put it in early. Thus you avoid the last minute rush and all danger of early-season freeze-ups.

LOWER IN PRICE

THE *new* G.P.A.

RADIATOR GLYCERINE

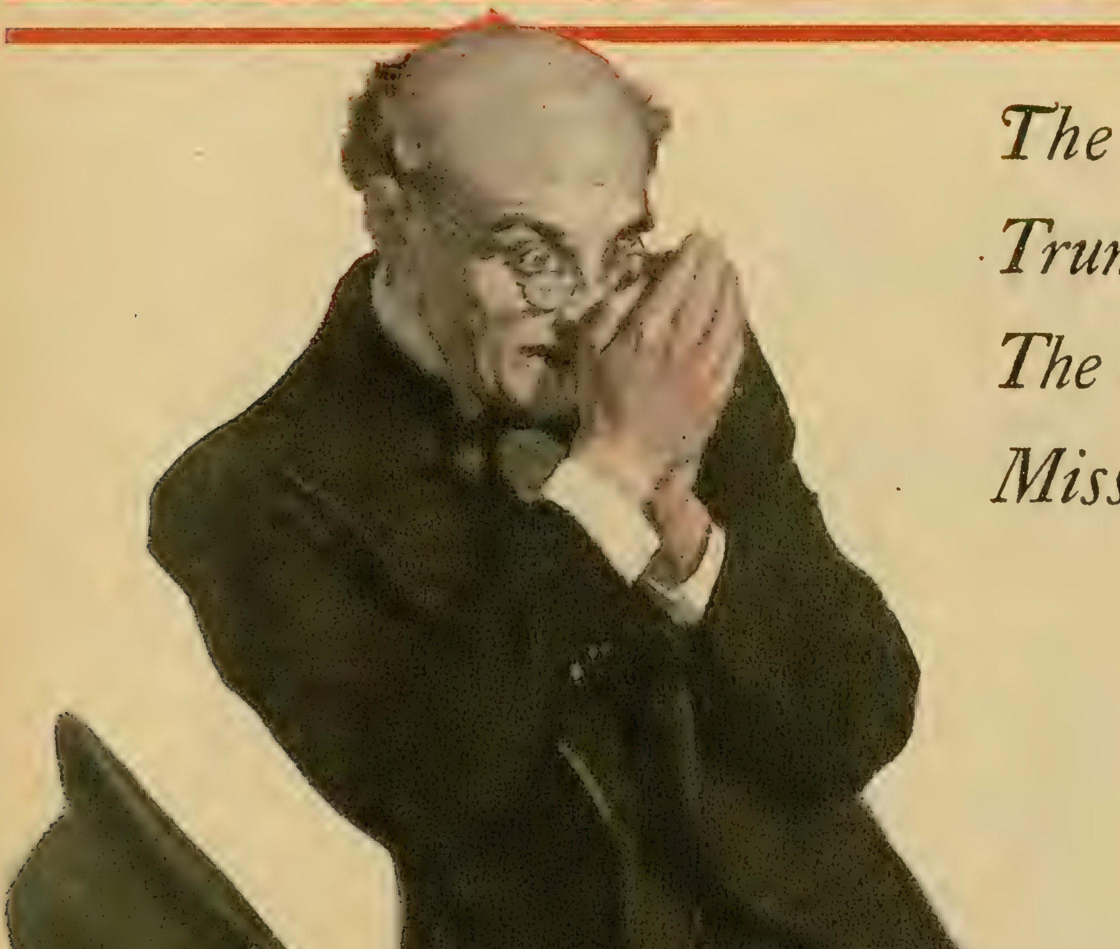
GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION, [illegible]5 EAST 17th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

About the Murder *of the* CIRCUS QUEEN

The Dreadful Thing in the Trunk—Seeking a Vital Clue—The Riddle of the Mysterious Missile—Flandrin Under Fire

By

ANTHONY ABBOT



PROFESSOR Gminder covered his eyes with his hands. "I found it only a moment ago," explained Colt. "Take a look at it."

(Reading time: 33 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the breathless unraveling of a crime by Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt, as told by Colt's secretary.

Josie La Tour, sawdust queen of Colonel Tod Robinson's circus, was killed by an apparently accidental fall from the rings; but Colt pronounced it murder. Keblia, the Ubangi witch doctor, disappeared after the tragedy.

Colt, his secretary, and District Attorney Dougherty, searching the apartment La Tour had occupied with Flandrin, her acrobat husband, found in it signs of a fierce struggle—signs which Flandrin, arriving later, could not explain. Colt, opening a hidden trunk, found Keblia inside—dead.

PART SEVEN—STARTLING DISCLOSURES

THE body of Keblia had been crammed into the trunk in a hunched position, like the crouch burials of prehistoric man. The head was forced down so that the brutal chin lay upon the breastbone; the monocle dangled idly to one side; the whole position of the body much like the helpless, hunched attitude of some dark and fabulous unborn child. All this was rendered the more hideous by the black face, slanted in a sinister oblique. One open glassy eye was cocked upward, fixed upon us in a kind of sly, deathless humor.

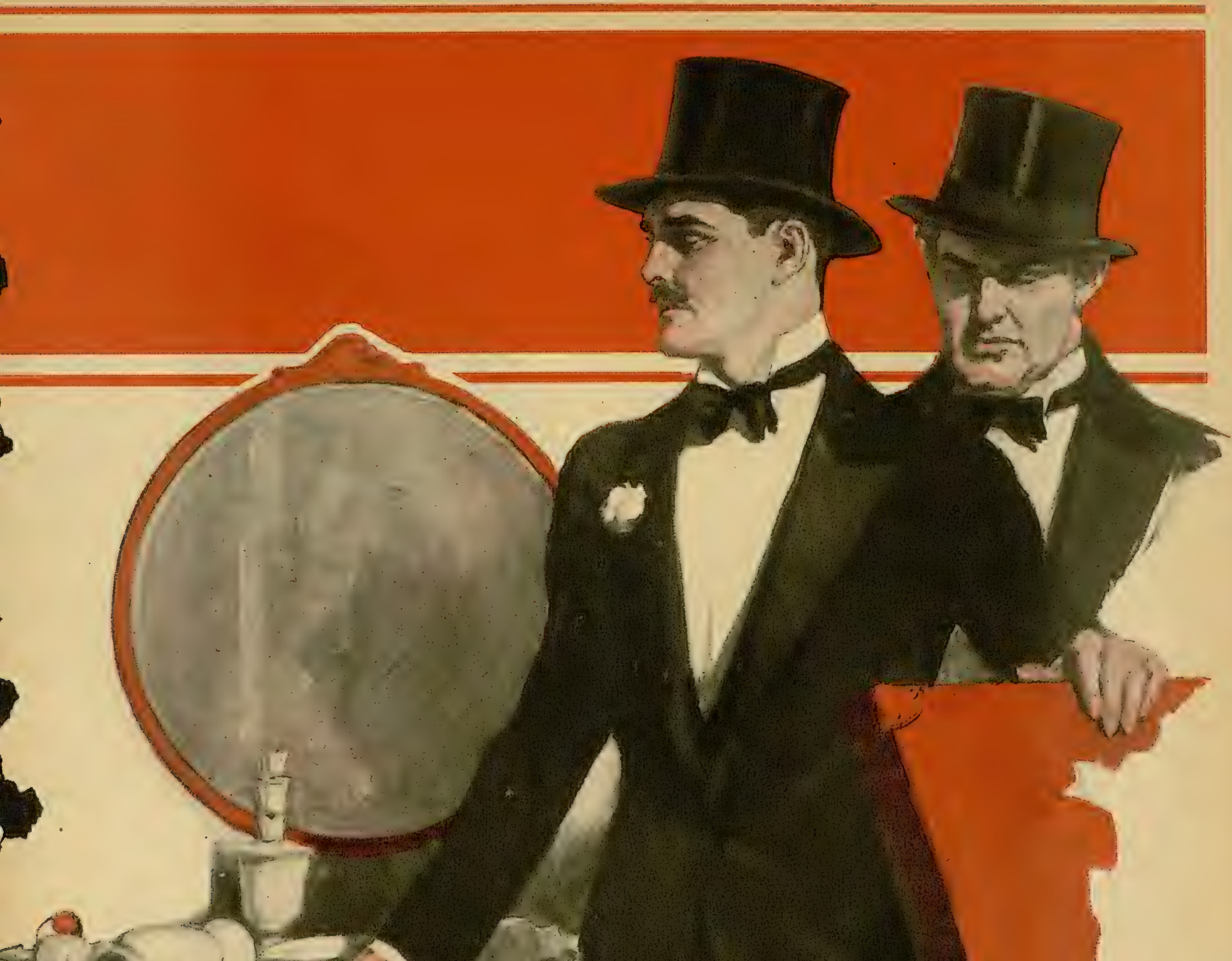
For a long spell we stood there, too taken by surprise to speak.

"One thing is certain," Colt declared at last. "The murderer who put that large and powerful black man in this trunk must be himself large and powerful—strong to an almost incredible degree."

And after another silence he added: "Throat cut—and yet very little blood in the trunk; none at all leaked from the seams. That means he was killed and bled somewhere else. A jagged cut, too, on the top of the head. Where is the weapon? Surely all this must have happened as the result of the fight which left these rooms in such disorder. Here we have one of our intruders. If we had the other, perhaps we would have the murderer!"

"You think the same person killed La Tour and—"

Colt lifted a warning hand. "It's too early to theorize," he protested. "But, one way or another, this witch



Pictures
by
W. D.
STEVENS

doctor's murder is the radix of the whole affair. So, before we call in Dougherty, let us see what we can find out for ourselves."

The Commissioner's course of action was prompt and characteristic. Falling to his knees, he began to examine the dark dead body with intent interest. Making sure that he touched no part of the murdered man, nor even the sides or bottom of the trunk, he nevertheless craned his neck, bent far over, peered under and around the mighty shoulders and cramped knees of the cadaver.

The witch doctor had worn to his death the same suit of monstrous checks that he had boasted when we had last seen him alive in Madison Square Garden. Crushed beneath the weight of the body, lying on the right side, was the glistening wreckage of his silk top hat.

"There is one singular fact about this business," remarked Thatcher Colt, as he lighted a cigarette. "Here we find a trunk tray filled to overbrimming with a litter of odds and ends. But in the bottom of the trunk there are only this corpse and its high silk hat. Now, it is hardly likely that a trunk tray can be overflowing with things and its interior left empty. In other words, what were and where are the contents of this trunk? Must have been the papers I found in the desk!"

Rising, Colt abstractedly dusted the knees of his trousers. His eyebrows were clumped in deepest thought. With a deep and luminous gaze straight into space, Colt now walked around the room like a somnambulist. I was perfectly familiar with the mood and its method. To eyes that did not understand, the Commissioner in this mood seemed only half alive—but it was from such spells of utter concentration that Thatcher Colt emerged at his most competent pitch.

Colt's eyes seemed to look through me, through the walls, through the world itself, and into infinity. And, still walking in that slow and thoughtful pace, he began to speak in a low voice:

"From over the lintel of the doorway of La Tour's dressing room Eddie Stevens pulled down a witch doctor's mud doll, and it was brought to us. A juju image. And when I sent for the witch doctor he was gone. Where was Keblia then? We had seen him not long before. Obviously he must have come here. Why?"

The darkly luminous eyes fixed themselves in a gaze that seemed almost evocative upon the dreadful thing in the trunk. It was an eerie moment.

"He came here. Why? Perhaps to destroy some evidence that would connect him with the crime. Why, then, was he killed? If Keblia killed Josie La Tour, who would want to kill Keblia? It all lies very deep, Tony, and yet—"

Once more Colt fell to his knees and stared down into the black face with its glistening teeth and opened eye.

"The pieces of the puzzle will not fit," he complained. "If the witch doctor were guilty, killed by some outraged friend of Josie, why this mystery? And how, Tony?"

"It had to be a skilled athlete," I reminded him.

But the Commissioner did not seem to hear me. He seemed wholly preoccupied with his study of the body and the interior of the trunk. It was as if some prompting intuition told him there was something there—some vital clue that so far had escaped the keen glances of those bold black eyes.

SUDDENLY Colt gave a little breathless exclamation of surprise. Bending far over, he lowered his hand into that temporary sarcophagus of a theatrical trunk. And when Colt rose again he held something in his hands that flushed his face and set his dark eyes gleaming. When he spoke, his voice was low, deep, and vibrant with the consuming passion of discovery.

"This puts an entirely different light on the matter," he declared—and held out his discovery for me to see. What Colt had found was a metal object that looked like an immense bullet the size of a banana. It was a brass cartridge case, but far too large for any ordinary rifle. Its caliber must have been one and one half inch. But, instead of a lead ball of the ordinary rifle cartridge, there was here an aluminum cap.

What manner of missile could this be? From what weapon could such an object be discharged? What would be its effect? Why was it in La Tour's trunk, under the body of the murdered black man?

All these questions were in my mind as I returned Colt's startled and excited stare.

"You seemed to know it was there beforehand," I remarked.

Colt shook his head.

"No—I only felt I had not looked far enough. Now that I have found this, I am more puzzled than ever. But it does give me one extraordinary suggestion."

I heard the knob of the door rattle stiffly. In the same instant Colt thrust the strange cartridge into his breast pocket and dropped the lid of the trunk. Composed and taciturn, he faced the door as it slowly opened and Dougherty stood heavily on the threshold.

"I can't get a thing out of Flandrin," confessed the District Attorney. "I think you ought to have a try at him, Thatcher. But I had to stop anyway. A friend of yours is here—Professor Gminder!"

Colt's eyes brightened warmly.

"I've never seen the man. But let him come in—I need him now! Where is Flandrin?"

"In the kitchen," answered Dougherty, and turning his head called: "Come right in, Professor Gminder."

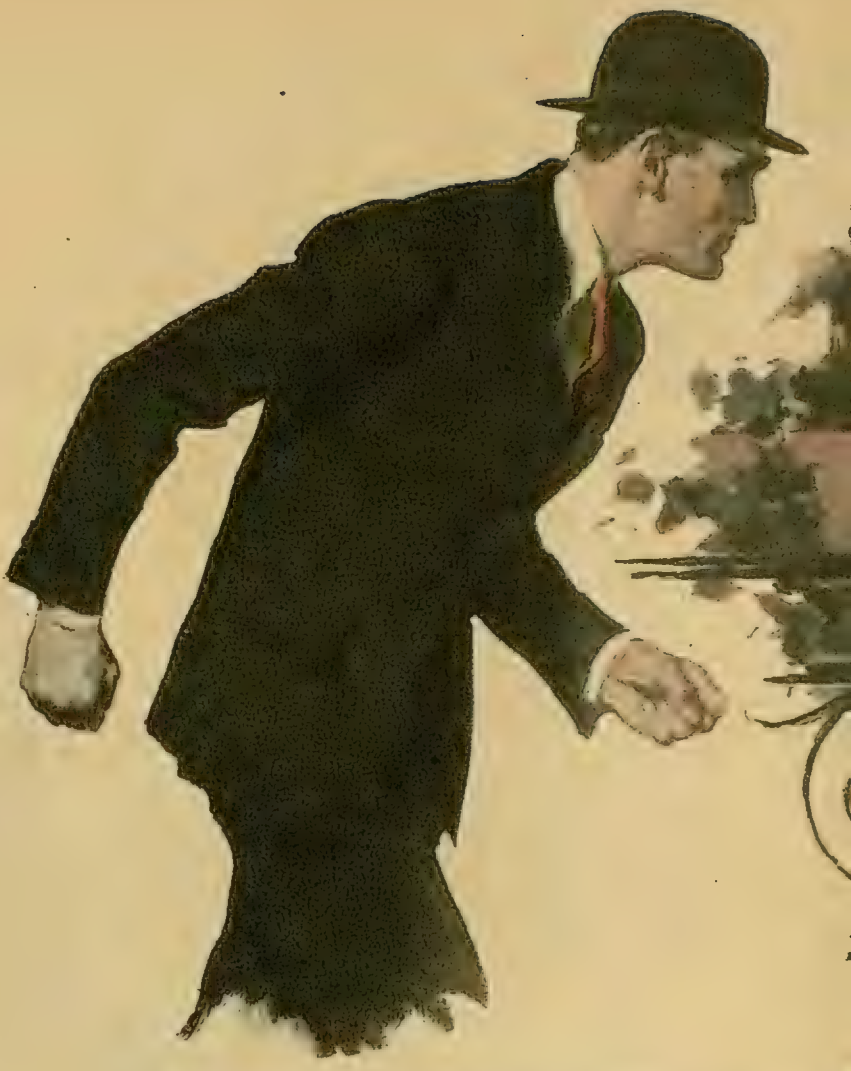
Through the doorway now crept a little bald-headed man, with a ring of orange hair above his ears, so that he looked like a tonsured priest in mufti. The professor blinked at Colt through double-lensed spectacles, and pompously extended a hairy and heavily freckled hand.

"Thanks, Professor Gminder, for coming down," was Colt's greeting. Briefly he explained what had happened in Madison Square Garden. "Dr. Luckner tells me you know about the Ubangis."

"I do!" replied Gminder. "I am the only American who speaks their dialect. I know all about their history and customs. I shall be glad to help you."

"Thanks!" smiled Colt. "First off, professor, about juju—"

"I beg your pardon—magic? I have not been called down here to be asked about juju—by the Police Commissioner?"



"HE took a very roundabout course from the Garden uptown. Crisscrossed streets, and me after him."

"Apologies by the thousand, my dear professor—but that is the fact."

"I don't understand at all, but—what do you care to know about juju? Of course no sensible man believes in such silly stuff—although I have spent much time in Africa, and they say there you either accept juju or you do not, depending on how long you are in Africa and what you happen to see. I know it is nonsense."

"You are familiar, are you not," resumed Colt, "with those little magic images the Ubangis make out of mud?"

"I am."

"Well—sometimes they pierce them with needles, do they not? Yes? And that is a spell to bring death to an enemy? What's that! It's not?"

Professor Gminder was shaking his head from side to side with the demure primness of a Vermont schoolteacher. "I tell you it means nothing of the kind," he answered with an *ex-cathedra* air.

"It is not a curse?"

"I tell you, no—not necessarily; nothing like it."

COLT leaned forward, profoundly beguiled.

"Would you mind explaining what these mud images are meant to be?" he pleaded.

With a grandiloquent clearing of his throat, Professor Gminder responded: "Instead of being used only to cast spells of evil and to cause the death of enemies, they are just as often, in fact more often, made and hung to protect the person they are supposed to resemble."

"Show him the latest one, Tony," directed the Commissioner. "See for yourself—this thing has a needle through its heart."

Professor Gminder gave my proffered exhibit only a disdainful glance. "Exactly—I have seen thousands—and it may be that the Ubangi witch doctor, when you question him, will have a very logical explanation. He might tell you the spirits warned him there was some evil plot abroad against Josie La Tour. He wished to

protect her—so he made this effigy and pierced the heart with a needle. Thus the thing over the female acrobat's door is explained. His idea very likely was that when the evil spirits came to attack the circus woman they would first see this dummy figure; would think it was really Josie La Tour—already dead, pierced through the heart—and go away satisfied. In other words, these figures are sometimes the lightning rods of demonology."

"Is the practice general among the savage tribes today?" asked Dougherty from the doorway.

"I believe the practice is still observed by the Alfuros of Minahassa in Celebes and in Borneo, both deriving from the same source. I recall that the puppets made of rushes and the wooden effigies for the festival of the Compitalia had the same purpose—to divert the attention of the demons from human beings. You might call them scarecrows in the fields of magic."

"EVEN so," Dougherty came in impatiently, "what possible effect can all that have on this case?"

Colt smiled encouragingly.

"It can have the most positive effect," he declared earnestly. "Suppose that it was not the spirits that warned the witch doctor. Suppose instead that, by one means or another, he had learned of a plot against Josie La Tour's life. Suppose, now, Keblia makes the image to protect her. He finds the evidence of how she was killed—in a queer, unexplained cartridge shell, now in my pocket. You shall hear all about that later. He comes here to tell Flandrin about the murderer, show him the cartridge, and is killed because he knew too much!"

"Killed!" Dougherty repeated, aghast.

"Killed!" echoed Thatcher Colt sharply. His glance sped across the District Attorney's shoulder to the white face of another man who had come quietly in the doorway—Flandrin!

Colt lifted the lid of the trunk. Dougherty gave an animal-like grunt of astonishment. Professor Gminder covered his eyes with his hands, while Flandrin took a step forward and stared as one dumfounded.

"I found it only a moment ago," explained Colt softly. "Pull yourself together, professor—you're working for the police now. Take a look at it and tell me if you see anything significant."

Dougherty stood close to Colt, his bulging eyes watching Flandrin with accusing intensity. The professor from Morningside Heights wiped his face with a handkerchief and swallowed hard.

"I must do my duty," he muttered, and looked down at the body of the Ubangi.

Long and courageously he stared down—this queer little man with his comic fringe of clown-yellow hair. At last the professor cleared his throat and said in a matter-of-fact voice:

"This is not a ritualistic matter—if that is what you mean. An Ubangi would most probably kill with a poisoned dart. He would not cut a throat, for the Ubangis are a blood-fearing people. But I believe, Mr. Colt, from my knowledge of the priestlike relation between a witch doctor and his tribesmen, that the way to find out about this is to go to the Ubangi savages themselves and ask them what they think. They are savage but they are not stupid. I have a high admiration for the shrewdness of these people."

Colt turned to me.

"Tony, get Tod Robinson on the phone and tell him to keep the Ubangis together for questioning."

AS I went to the telephone I could not help but think of how our difficulties were increasing. It was hard enough to understand that tight-lipped world of the circus, but now we were to dip deeper in our quest into the unknown background of the Congo juju.

Colt went on questioning Professor Gminder, and now and then Dougherty put in a question. No one seemed to notice Flandrin, who leaned against a wardrobe and stared into space as if life had turned into an utter nightmare. Dougherty wore a confident air, as if the answer to the riddle were already clear to him.

At last Robinson answered the telephone from his office in Madison Square Garden. The Ubangis, he explained, were kept in two rooms of the great concrete amphitheater.

"Tell him," Colt instructed, "that Professor Gminder and I will be there sometime before breakfast—that he will please wait for us; we will want to talk to him and the Ubangis."

Colonel Robinson promised he would be there.

"And now," said Colt, as I replaced the receiver, "I shall ask you, professor, and you, Flandrin, to retire to the kitchen. There is a lot of work before us here. Tony, notify Headquarters to reach Flynn—and get the Homicide Squad up here *tout suite*."

As I put through the call, Colt suddenly called out to Gminder: "One moment more, professor! Will you kindly look at this?"

Colt had lifted one dead hand from the trunk.

"I see the hand," fluttered Professor Gminder; "but what—"

"Look at the finger tips."

"Yes—"

"Don't you observe that film of paste on the fleshy cushions of the finger tips—and under the broad, flat nails?"

"Uh—yes; it's sticky and green—"

"Exactly. Ever know an Ubangi to use stuff like that on his fingers for any purpose?"

"Never!" groaned Professor Gminder. "By all means, never!"

And Professor Gminder went off into his strange exile with Flandrin in the kitchen. Heaven only knows what they had to say to each other.

Meanwhile I was talking to the night captain at Police Headquarters. To him I conveyed the exciting news of our second murder. In a short while the cohorts of the Homicide Squad would join us.

"Thatcher!" cried Dougherty. "What in God's name do you think can have happened here?"

"Too early to theorize much," reiterated the Police Commissioner, leading the way to the bathroom.

Over the tub he bent, studying the gleaming porcelain, as intent as a plumber on finding some indication.

"The killer knocked out the witch doctor in the dining room," he reasoned. "That is shown by a kinky black hair near the break in the glass on the center table and the small cut in the black man's head. Then the body was dragged here; there is a spot of blood on the wall in two places—drippings from the head wound. Then the body was thrown halfway across the tub and the throat cut. The blood passed off down the drainpipe. A fiendish and fairly competent job. As soon as the bleeding stopped the body was put into the trunk—"

Voices were heard in the corridor outside. Two minutes later the apartment of Josie La Tour was filled with police. The whole detail was there—many in addition to the men who had worked with us in Madison Square Garden—Assistant Chief Inspector Flynn, Captain Wilson from the local precinct, and a number of plain-clothes men, including Fred Merkle, photographer, Williams, the fingerprint wizard from the Bureau of Criminal Identification, and young Beeston, who would make the plaster molds of the window sill. Only Dr. Multooler was missing; he was busy at Bellevue. In his place had come another Assistant Medical Examiner, Dr. Nickerson.

With these came an alert young detective, Crowder, who reported personally to Thatcher Colt.

"I was detailed by Inspector Flynn to follow Flandrin from the Garden," he related.

"Well? What did he do?" snapped the Commissioner.

"I am sorry to report that I lost him," disclosed the detective.

Colt was startled and furious.

"Where did you lose him?"

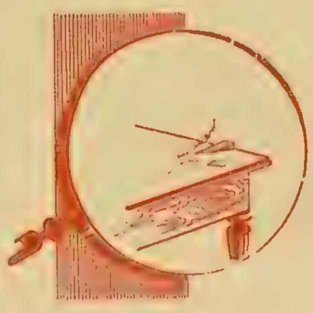
"Three blocks from here. He took a very roundabout course from the Garden uptown. Crisscrossed streets, and me after him. But three blocks down, on Broadway, he ducked into a store. I followed him in there. But when I got inside he was gone. You see, Mr. Colt—"

"No explanations needed. You should have had a partner—not your fault. What did you do after that?"

"I tried to pick up his trail. But I couldn't raise him anywhere. So I reported in, and they told me to come here."

Colt looked at me. "Flandrin had a lot of time to himself," he commented. "This makes it tough!"

For five minutes the room was in confusion. Merkle's camera was up, and artificial lighting from the magnesium flashlight gun glinted through the boudoir as pictures from all angles were taken of the body of the murdered man in the box. The fingerprint man was rolling his black ink across a glass slab, presently to ink the dead fingers and thumbs for the Center Street records. And meanwhile Thatcher Colt explained to Inspector Flynn and his other aids all that had happened since he and I had been left alone in these rooms.



"I want the whole flat gone over for fingerprints," he instructed. "Further, I want not only plaster molds of the window-sill prints, but also all the dust found on the window sill collected in a vacuum cleaner and examined before morning. Also there is a queer kind of colored film on the dead fellow's fingers. Get that—especially the stuff under the nails—analyzed before morning, if possible."

AND as the grim Inspector Flynn nodded his understanding of these orders, Colt drew from his pocket the brass cartridge he had found in the trunk. Flynn studied the unfamiliar object in critical amazement. With one eye fast shut, he listened to the story of how it was found. The tough old inspector held the cartridge to his nose, sniffed at it with the wary caution of a bloodhound, frowned, and put away the shell in the innermost pocket of his coat.

"That's a queer one," he vouchsafed at last. "What the hell is it, chief?"

"Get the boys in the Ballistics Department to work on it," advised Thatcher Colt.

But that was never really necessary. As Colt was speaking, the telephone rang and I answered it. At the other end was Dr. Clesleek, the city toxicologist. His voice was trembling as he said: "Tell the Commissioner he was right—we've proved that the method he suggested was the method used to kill Josie La Tour."

My mind was a blank. Turning to Colt, I blurted out the incomprehensible message. The dark eyes of the Commissioner glowed at the news and he took the telephone instrument from my hands.

"Helloa, Clesleek. Did you test the spangles? . . . You did? And the dress? . . . And both showed. What was the chemical base? . . . Just wait till I make a note of it—let me have that again! . . . And did Dr. Multooler look at the membrane of the eye? . . . Thanks, Clesleek. A good night's work! Now get me up the report in the regular form."

As the Commissioner dropped the telephone, Dougherty lumbered forward. "Thatcher, don't keep me in any more suspense," he entreated. "I didn't know you sent a recent message to the chemist—"

COLT looked very serious. "I saw that Tony noticed," he said, a shrill overtone of exuberant excitement just touching his voice, "that when I walked from the body of Josie La Tour there were tears in my eyes."

"I did, chief," I replied feelingly. "I understand—"

"You did not understand, I am sorry to say—and your sympathy was not appreciated. You should have known by this time that I am not a crying police officer."

"But, chief—"

"I noticed the spangles had turned dull. I touched the dress and some of the stuff got on my fingers. I rubbed my eyes and I knew!"

"You knew what, Thatcher?" demanded Dougherty, red with exasperation.

"Tear gas!"

"Tear gas!" Dougherty and I repeated the words simultaneously.

"Tear gas, yes. I am sure that banana-sized cartridge I just turned over to Flynn is, in effect, a tear-gas cartridge."

Dougherty put his hands on his hips.

"How could tear gas have been used?" he asked skeptically. "I know something about tear gas. Why, the whole place would have been in an uproar! You could see it—it makes a thick white cloud. Thatcher, it couldn't be done!" cried the District Attorney resoundingly. "It simply couldn't be done."

At a nod from Colt, Flynn turned away to direct his men about their gruesome work in the police ritual of murder. Colt lit a fresh cigarette.

"But it was done," he insisted. "I confess that the details are not clear. I admit that someone in the audience should have seen, or at least smelled, gas. But so far it seems no one did. All right—La Tour's ballet dress reeked of the stuff, just the same. What a fiendish idea! By some hocus-pocus we have not yet discovered, that gas reached La Tour on the rings. She was gassed, and so she fell—and the fall killed her. It is a poetic and imaginative murder, Dougherty—we shall have to look for a clever criminal this time."

"But some trace of it would be apparent," argued Dougherty.

"Correct," conceded Colt. "But don't forget the ventilation system of which Madison Square Garden is so proud. As I happen to know, there are fans which have a capacity of circulating four hundred thousand cubic feet of air per minute. These are divided into eight units located near the roof. The air is filtered and washed and either recirculated or exhausted from the building. And by the way, Dougherty, something very similar to this method has been used abroad—tear-gas bombs as a means of attack. A number of people in a German city were murdered in a most mysterious fashion, and the crime finally was traced to a young Russian doctor, who had killed his victims by throwing at them glass balls filled with a volatile poison as deadly as cyanic acid."

"Who on earth would be smart enough around this circus to think up a killing like that?" rumbled Dougherty.

"Clesleek said the gas was chloracetophene, a solid," went on Colt, referring to the notes he had made while at the telephone. “When driven off by heat, it first appears as a light bluish-colored cloud. This cloud is instantly so irritating to the eyes that within a second anyone in the path of the cloud is temporarily blinded. It causes considerable smarting and very profuse tears, which, even with the smallest amount, continue for two to five minutes.

“That explains the tear stains on the cheeks of Josie La Tour all right. But we found an undischarged gas cartridge in the trunk with the witch doctor's body. How did Keblia get the cartridge? What magic told him—”

The chief suddenly checked himself, went to the telephone, called Headquarters, and rattled forth orders like a human machine gun. He instructed the night captain to get hold of Captain Hurley of the Ballistics Department and have him call back at once.

Meanwhile Dougherty had been pacing the floor in deep cogitation. Now he said: “Thatcher, no one yet has thought to search Flandrin or the other suspects. No one knew what to look for. Now I would like to take one of your men and search Flandrin.”

“What do you hope to find?”

“Who knows, Thatcher? I would just like to try.”

“But why?”

“Have you forgotten that Flandrin was a student of chemistry?”

“By all means, do as you like,” assented Colt, as Williams, the fingerprint expert, came up. He waited until Dougherty had gone off to the kitchen, then saluted and reported: “Just found a clear set of prints by the electric light in the kitchen.”

“BELONG to the witch doctor?”

“How did you guess that, sir?”

“Tell me, Williams—was there any grease on those prints?”

“None, sir.”

“Then that colored paste, whatever it was, got on to Keblia's fingers after his arrival here. Excellent! Any more?”

“All for the present, chief—but I'm keeping right on going!”

The telephone rang and I talked to Captain Hurley of the ballistics staff. At Colt's request, he promised to arrive at the house in ten minutes. Just as I was finished, Dougherty burst tumultuously into the room.

“Thatcher!” he cried exultantly. “It's all over. I've got the evidence complete—the case for the jury!”

Colt looked around in astonishment.

“What have you found?” he demanded.

“The case is clear as daylight,” exulted the District Attorney. “Who knew chemical gases? Flandrin! Who had the opportunity to fire such a bullet? Flandrin, hiding in the shadow of the performers' entrance, watching his wife's act. He had been hobnobbing with the Ubangis—he could get into this apartment and kill Keblia—he had all the motives

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in the world! I tell you, Thatcher, it all adds up."

"Downright impressive," Colt conceded. "Why did he do it? Was he jealous? Revengeful? Greedy for insurance money? In love with his first wife? Or what?"

"Thatcher," expounded Dougherty huskily, "it's a cinch. You've cracked most of these cases, but I think this time you will have to pat the old District Attorney on the back. I can see the whole thing now! I've had Flandrin on the grill. He's a smart boy, but not too smart for your old side kick! He tried to tell me his theory of this murder. His idea is that the witch doctor did it—that's what he tried to make me believe. He even went so far as to say that he thought it was done by magic! He pretended to believe in such things. But I will get the truth out of him. His first wife said she had the goods on Josie. She had actually followed her. She had seen Josie and Marburg Lovell together, just as we read in that note. She wanted him back—he admitted that—and, Thatcher, as sure as you and I are standing here, the two of them decided to get rid of Josie La Tour! The first wife was actually in the audience tonight—I found that out—and he knew it."

Colt's face was impassive.

"Get anything more?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, yes!" exulted Dougherty. "Sure I've got more! I searched Flandrin—and the clothes in his closet you hadn't got to yet—"

Dougherty turned his head to one side of his enormous red neck and his lopsided smile was broad and happy.

"Take a look at what was in his dressing-robe pocket—see for yourself!"

And into Thatcher Colt's hand the District Attorney laid a large brass cartridge—an exact duplicate of the one Colt had found in the trunk. Colt's head was thrust forward with an involuntary movement of astonishment.

"But what does Flandrin say about it?"

The District Attorney snorted contemptuously.

"The flimsiest lie you ever heard in the world, Thatcher. He tried to tell me that he had never seen it before!"

As he considered this second magnum of a cartridge the Commissioner's face was extremely grave.

"What do you wish to do, Dougherty?" he inquired.

"I want to take Flandrin downtown and let Hogan, my county detective, and myself really get to work on him. It's about two thirty o'clock now—I believe we can have a confession before breakfast."

"You are perfectly satisfied with your theory of both crimes?"

"Enough to want to go ahead. Her fall was not an accident, just as you said. She knew how to fall, and the fall itself would not have been fatal if she had been herself. Hell, Thatcher, why go into details? With the finding of that cartridge, the case is complete! We will sweat the rest of the details out of Flandrin."

TURNING with cumbersome grace, Dougherty leveled a pudgy forefinger at Flandrin, who had reappeared in the doorway.

"You killed her! You, the man who had a hobby for chemistry—you, whose love had turned to jealous hate—you killed her! And, by God, I'm going to arrest you here and now for the murder of your wife!"

I looked at Thatcher Colt. His face was grim. I had expected some protest against Dougherty's precipitate action. But now he stood silent for a moment, and then turned and said to Dougherty:

"Take him downtown. There are two officers outside. Go easy with him, but try to make him come through."

Dougherty was flushed and triumphant as two policemen stood beside Flandrin.

"Aren't you coming with us?" gasped the District Attorney as Flandrin was led out by the two policemen.

"No," said Thatcher Colt. "I've got to stay here a while—and then go elsewhere."

"Doing what, Thatcher?"

"Oh," said Colt, with a slight smile, "I've got a big job ahead of me. I've got to find the real murderer of Josie La Tour!"

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For a little while Colt maintained a fixed, grave silence. I heard the door slam after the heavy footfalls of District Attorney Dougherty, and through the open window of the front room of the flat came the District Attorney's familiar cough. It was followed by the buzzing of a self-starter, the groan of meshed gears, and the sound of a departing automobile. Flandrin was on his way downtown.

AS if this were the signal for a general departure, Flynn now reported that the routine police work was done. The body of the witch doctor, many times photographed, had been removed from the trunk, sent to Bellevue to lie beside the remains of La Tour. The trunk was on its way to Center Street. On the bed table lay a long knife which had been found under Keblia's body at the bottom of the trunk. It was a bread knife that matched the other hardware found in the kitchen. Not a fingerprint was on it. Whoever had cut the witch doctor's throat had known enough to wear a glove. The plaster cast of the window sill had been made, the dust collected as Colt had asked, and experts at Headquarters would study them at once.

The photographer and the fingerprint expert were leaving, and with them would go the Assistant Medical Examiner. After talking over a few more details, Flynn went on his way. Except for Gminder, still exiled in the kitchen, Thatcher Colt and I were left alone in the murder-haunted flat.

"There is not much more we can do here," Colt confided, "and we may have a chance to sit back a moment and speculate."

But both of Colt's hopes were doomed by a knocking at the door. I admitted Captain Hurley, a short, gray-haired man with close-clipped salt-and-pepper mustache. Colt laid before him the singular cartridge found in Flandrin's dressing robe.

"Ever seen a cartridge like this before?"

Hurley whistled softly. "Not exactly like this, sir. It is a new one on the police. But I do remember now that a shell like this was patented only recently. I caught it in the Patent Office Gazette."

"A tear-gas cartridge?"

"Yes, sir. It was designed as a means of using tear gas at long ranges, up to one hundred and fifty yards—and, if I recall it, with a new variant of the gas that made it almost invisible. But I didn't know it was already on the market."

"Too bad that such devices do not come under police control," observed Colt.* He was thoughtfully silent for a moment, then demanded, "Who are the most reliable manufacturers of tear-gas equipment?"

"The Federal Laboratories, Inc., in Pittsburgh. I know one of the officers—"

"Then get him on long-distance—rout him out of bed—hurry!"

After the call had been launched, Colt continued to question Hurley about tear-gas weapons. "Is it the Federal concern that makes our riot guns?" he asked.

"Yes. We use a lot of them in the department and in the prisons. Their gas doesn't kill—it merely knocks people out. Actually it isn't even a gas—it is really a solid crystalline substance. But it is vaporized by a heating agent when the contents are discharged by something like a time fuse. The effect is to cause excruciating pain to the eyes. So intense is the pain that the victim must close the eyes and stumble blindly away from the gas area."

---

* Immediately after the solution of the Madison Square Garden mystery, Thatcher Colt started a campaign to bring tear-gas weapons under police control. This movement was quickly successful. Today, Subdivision 3a, Section I, Article I, Chapter II of the Code of Ordnances of the City of New York provides: "Nor shall any person manufacture, sell, or offer for sale, possess or use any weapon, candle, device, or any instrument of any kind designed to discharge, emit, release or use any lachrymating, asphyxiating, incapacitating or other deleterious gas or gases or liquid or liquids or chemical or chemicals, without a permit"—etc.

"It all matches up, all right," murmured Colt. "And yet I cannot understand why the cartridge left no mark on La Tour's body. It left no wound of any kind—merely dented a metal spangle."

"Easily explained," Captain Hurley replied. "This light aluminum shell is propelled with sufficient force to shatter an ordinary pane of glass at about seventy-five yards; but it has no penetrating power as far as solid or fleshy objects are concerned. It could not inflict serious injury, except at a distance of about twenty to thirty feet."

"Is there a noise when it is shot off?"

"A fairly loud noise."

Colt flashed a smile at me. "An explosive sound, out of rhythm with the drums. Remember, Tony?"

"Helloa!" shouted Hurley into the telephone. "Is Mr. Replogle there?"

A moment later Colt was speaking, voice to voice, with the greatest American expert on tear-gas apparatus.

"Mr. Replogle, do you people manufacture a shell of one and one half inch caliber marked 2x162? . . . You do not? Know who does? . . . The Continental Tear Gas Company in New York? . . . Whom do I talk to there? . . . How's that? . . . Hankley? . . . Thanks, Mr. Replogle. . . . Is there anything new about that new Continental cartridge? . . . New gas? . . . Oh, it is almost invisible? . . . Thanks again. Would there be any use for that gas around a circus? . . . What's that, Mr. Replogle? Say that again! . . . Various big-game hunters have attempted to use the new cartridge to capture wild animals alive? . . . Thanks three times!"

AT the other end of the wire Mr. Replogle was elaborating: "But the gas hasn't been very successful with wild animals. You see, Mr. Colt, the effect of tear gas is on the membrane of the eye. Only the dog and certain other animals have eye membranes that are sensitive to the gas. A lion, for example, isn't greatly affected by the discharge of a gas grenade. Walks right through it. Disappointing, don't you think?"

"Not at all, Mr. Replogle!" caroled Thatcher Colt. "Can you tell me of any circus people who have experimented with the gas?"

"No—but you might ask Mr. Hankley of the Continental people about it."

Colt hung up the receiver and turned to me.

"Telephone Hankley of the Continental—step on it, Tony!"

It was not an easy assignment, but I finally managed to find Mr. Cedric Hankley, president of the Continental Tear Gas Company. Into his sleepy ears I poured my story three times before he had an inkling of what I was saying.

"BUT it is three o'clock in the morning!" he finally protested.

"Nevertheless, the police need—at once—a list of every person to whom you have sold your new invisible-gas cartridge."

"I have such a list—see me tomorrow morning at the office—"

"Now!" I replied with uncompromising severity.

As a civic duty, Mr. Hankley finally consented to meet Captain Hurley at his office in half an hour. The departing ballistics expert promised to telephone back to us at the La Tour-Flandrin apartment.

Once again we were left alone in the bedroom.

As we stood there talking, we heard a creaking footstep and Professor Gminder looked timidly in.

"Look here, both of you." He advanced primly. "I happen to have a flask on my hip. Wouldn't you like the tip of a nip?"

Before either of us could reply—and mine would certainly have been in the affirmative—we heard a sudden inexplicable sound. On the acute stillness of these rooms came suddenly a cry—the unearthly voice of a woman weeping as if her heart were broken—a sound like the cry of a banshee!

But from where did it come—and whom?

In next week's installment of the story you'll learn who the weeping woman was, and see Colt challenged by a new and startling development.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Discipline Is Essential

PETER and his sister Maud were watching hogs being loaded on a steamer. The animals, handled roughly, were squealing and grunting. Suddenly little Maud sobbed: "Oh, those poor pigs!"

"Don't cry, Maud," comforted Peter. "They've got to be strict with pigs."—Miss H. Minahan, 1645 Tenth Avenue, North Seattle, Wash.

Coddling a Cold

LITTLE Johnny had a very bad cold one day when he went to school.

During the morning session his sympathetic teacher asked him what he was doing for it.

The youngster thought a minute and then replied:

"I sneeze whenever it wants me to."—Carole L. Pettigreu, Route No. 1, Pendleton, Ind.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

1—Assisting or intending to assist memory.

2—None of it. The most eastern point is west of the United States.

3—At its waning.

4—Two red flags with black centers displayed one above the other.

5—The invoice of a ship's cargo.

6—At Federal Hall in New York City.

7—Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

8—Old Trinity churchyard in New York City.

9—A word formed by arbitrary combination of two words so as to suggest something of the sense of each.

10—By the Treaty of Paris, 1763.

11—From the city of Troyes in France.

12—Georgia.

13—Twenty-five thousand dollars yearly.

14—Joshua.

15—A very pure white clay used to form the paste of porcelain.

16—Reddish brown.

17—Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, on November 24, 1863.

18—In that of Henry II.

19—A gay and unscrupulous rake in Rowe's drama The Fair Penitent.

20—Benjamin Franklin.

The Answer to the Aspirin Question (see page 29)

The new Squibb Aspirin slogan—to be seen in every Squibb Aspirin advertisement—is "Squibb Aspirin, Please!" Increasing thousands are already saying "Squibb Aspirin, Please!" to their druggists. It is their assurance of quality.

SQUIBB ASPIRIN

PURE · EFFECTIVE · SAFE

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12 TABLETS
5 GRAINS
SQUIBB ASPIRIN
E·R·SQUIBB & SONS. NEW YORK
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858
"SQUIBB ASPIRIN, PLEASE!"

ATTENTION

Another Great First Story Offer!

WRITERS

$10,000

HAS BEEN SET ASIDE FOR UNKNOWN AUTHORS

ATTENTION

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

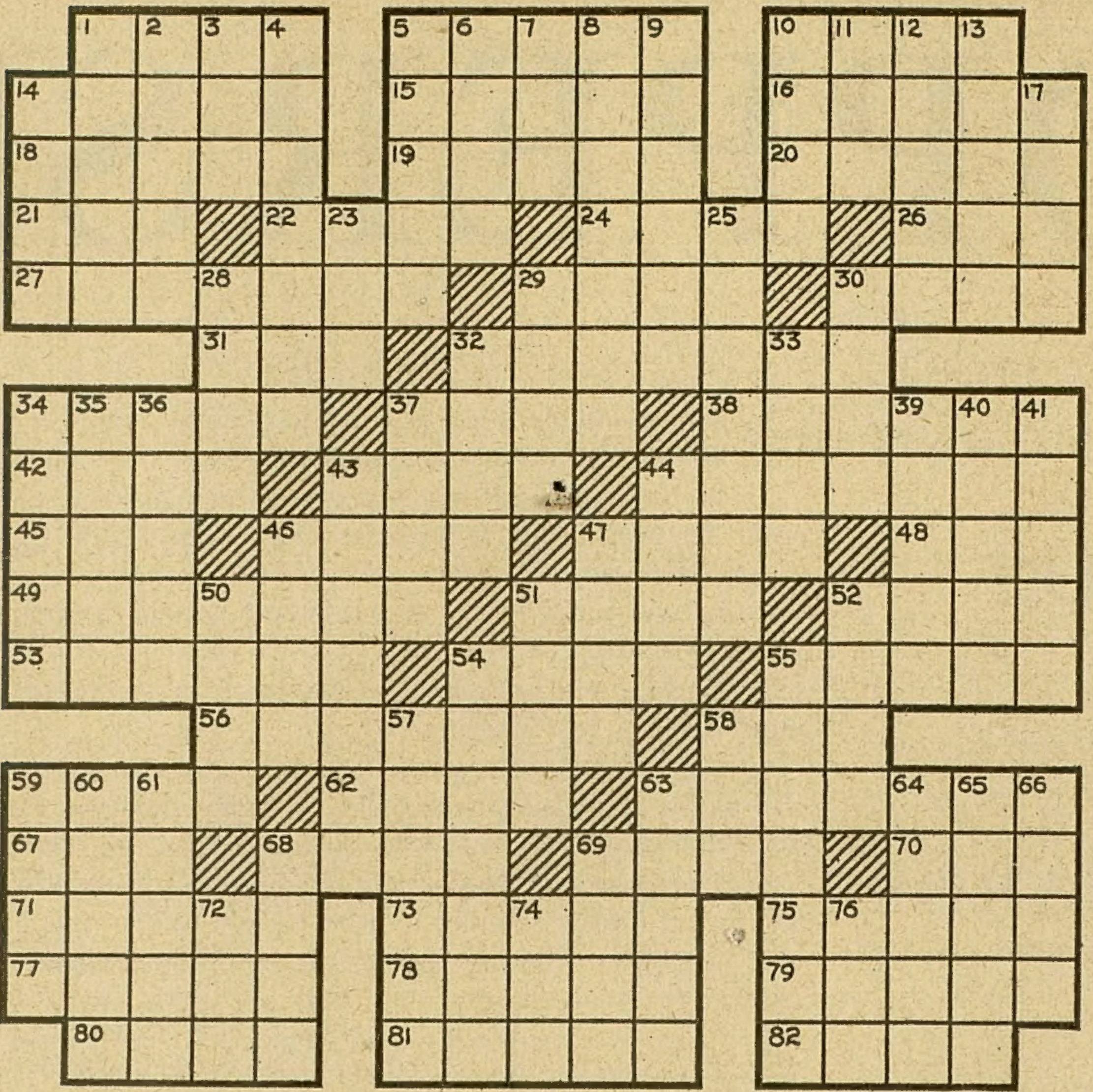
Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

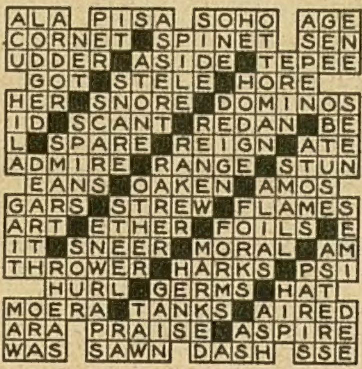
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

Cross Words *A New Puzzle*



HORIZONTAL

1 To roll together
5 To crimp
10 A sweeping stroke
14 A climbing plant
15 One who loads
16 Stage player
18 Wrath
19 Genus of geese
20 Gaze fixedly
21 Frosting
22 Grape hyacinth
24 Gone by
26 Those in power
27 One of a Mohammedan fraternity
29 Twisted
30 Formerly
31 Consumed
32 Sure
34 Hypocrites
37 Wads of moist clay
38 Cavernlike apartment
42 Beverages
43 Goes about idly
44 Marine growth
45 A brawl
46 Hostelries
47 Rent
48 Form of to be
49 American Indians
51 Constrictors
52 In addition
53 Fusion of two or more corporations
54 Acid
55 Ascended
56 Greatest
58 A wand
59 Son of Isaac
62 Part of the head (plural)
63 To glide by gravity



ALA PISA SOHO AGE
CORNET SPINET SEN
UDDER ASIDE TEPEE
GOT STELE HORE
HER SNORE DOMINOS
ID SCANT REDAN BE
L SPARE REIGN ATE
ADMIRE RANGE STUN
EANS OAKEN AMOS
GARS STREW FLAMES
ART ETHER FOILS E
IT SNEER MORAL AM
THROWER HARKS PSI
HURL GERMS HAT
MOERA TANKS AIRED
ARA PRAISE ASPIRE
WAS SAWN DASH SSE

Answer to last week's puzzle

67 Caused to be quit of
68 Unoccupied
69 A hut
70 Early English coin
71 Minute particles
73 Growing out
75 A staff
77 Oriental caravansary
78 Hot mixed beverage
79 Obliterate
80 Groups
81 Desert dwellers
82 Strike out

VERTICAL

1 To shrink
2 One that raves
3 Suffix (chem.)
4 Lets
5 A collision
6 Order
7 Public notices (abbr.)
8 Small tree frogs
9 Astray
10 Final
11 To do
12 Stage in a flight of steps
13 Wind instruments
14 Deposited
17 Surcease from effort
23 Utility
25 Veteran actors
28 Large receptacles
29 Wagers
30 Enough
32 Mean, vulgar fellows
33 Persia
34 Strike and glance off
35 Single
36 Fresher
37 Edicts
39 Ducks
40 Succinct
41 Ancient Greek theater
43 Snarled
44 Float aloft
46 Mental image
47 One who solicits custom
50 An arctic hut
51 To ornament with studs
52 Succors
54 Calmer
55 Foundation of entire track of railroad
57 City in Illinois
58 A doe
59 Periods
60 Locations
61 Be filled with fervent devotion
63 A kind of brome grass
64 Sum
65 Irregularly notched
66 A Scandinavian
68 Egyptian deity
69 Stump
72 Entangle
74 Turkish commander
76 Measure of area

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Preference for Ti-con-der-oga is Explained in a few words — written with
TICONDEROGA
With rounded edges for finger-ease
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Dept. 10-J, Jersey City, N. J. *Canadian Factory and Office:* Dixon Pencil Company, Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

New Kind of OIL HEAT
Cheaper than COAL
Burns 96% AIR...4% OIL
Complete with Motor ...Automatic Control ONLY $58.25
Atomizing Burner $126.50
Hotter, cheaper than coal! Ends drudgery and dirt forever. Giving perfect service to over 30,000. GUARANTEED 25 years by world's largest exclusive oil-burner mfgr. Approved by Underwriters Lab. Safer than gas stove. Quiet. Goes right into any heating system, instantly, without change.
For heating stoves, cook stoves, Arcolas. No electricity. Cleaner, cheaper than wood or coal. ONLY—$12
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New blue-flame burner for cook stoves, hamburger griddles, etc. Operates on less than 1c per hour. Noiseless. GUARANTEED! Get free details. $28.80
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A Swell Affair
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Stop it at once with Dent's Toothache Gum. All Druggists.
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Keep one of these new, convenient, 35c packages in your medicine closet. This famous remedy relieves pain immediately and soon removes the entire corn or callous.
KOHLER MFG. CO., Baltimore, Md.
SAFE · EFFECTIVE!
KOHLER ONE NIGHT CORN CURE

LET'S TELL SOME

WHOPPERS!

CASH PRIZES FOR THE MOST EXAGGERATED, MOST AMUSING

FALSEHOODS

$250

IN BIG CASH AWARDS

64 CHANCES TO GET INTO THE MONEY

WHAT is the most exaggerated and at the same time the most amusing falsehood you can devise and tell in from 100 to 300 words? LIBERTY will pay $250 cash in sixty-four worth-while prizes for the winning falsehoods submitted in this contest.

Cash prizes of $250 for a bunch of whoppers! Are you going to let this opportunity slip by without putting in your claim? What a chance to throw off the shackles of probity and blandly tell the world's greatest fabrication! Here's one time at least when a fib may repay you. Think of the times when you've wanted to resort to falsehood but have lacked the courage to face your conscience in the process. Here's the time you can cast restrictions to the wind and exaggerate to your heart's content with an easy conscience! It's the chance of a lifetime. It may never come to you again.

Read the rules to find out how, when, and where to tell your whopper in order to get into line for the money. Then get busy and do your best—or your worst. Success to you!

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. Write in pen and ink or typewrite on one side of paper only. Write name and full address in the upper right corner of your first sheet.
3. Letters must not be less than 100 nor more than 300 words in length.
4. Entries will be judged on the basis of exaggeration, improbability, and merriment.
5. For the best entry rated on the above basis Liberty will pay a first cash prize of $50. For the next best entry $25 will be paid, etc., as in the accompanying prize schedule.
6. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty Weekly and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
7. All prize-winning entries become the property of Liberty for publication at any time.
8. Send all entries by first-class mail addressed to Whopper Contest, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
9. This contest closes on Monday, November 7. Entries received later will not be considered.

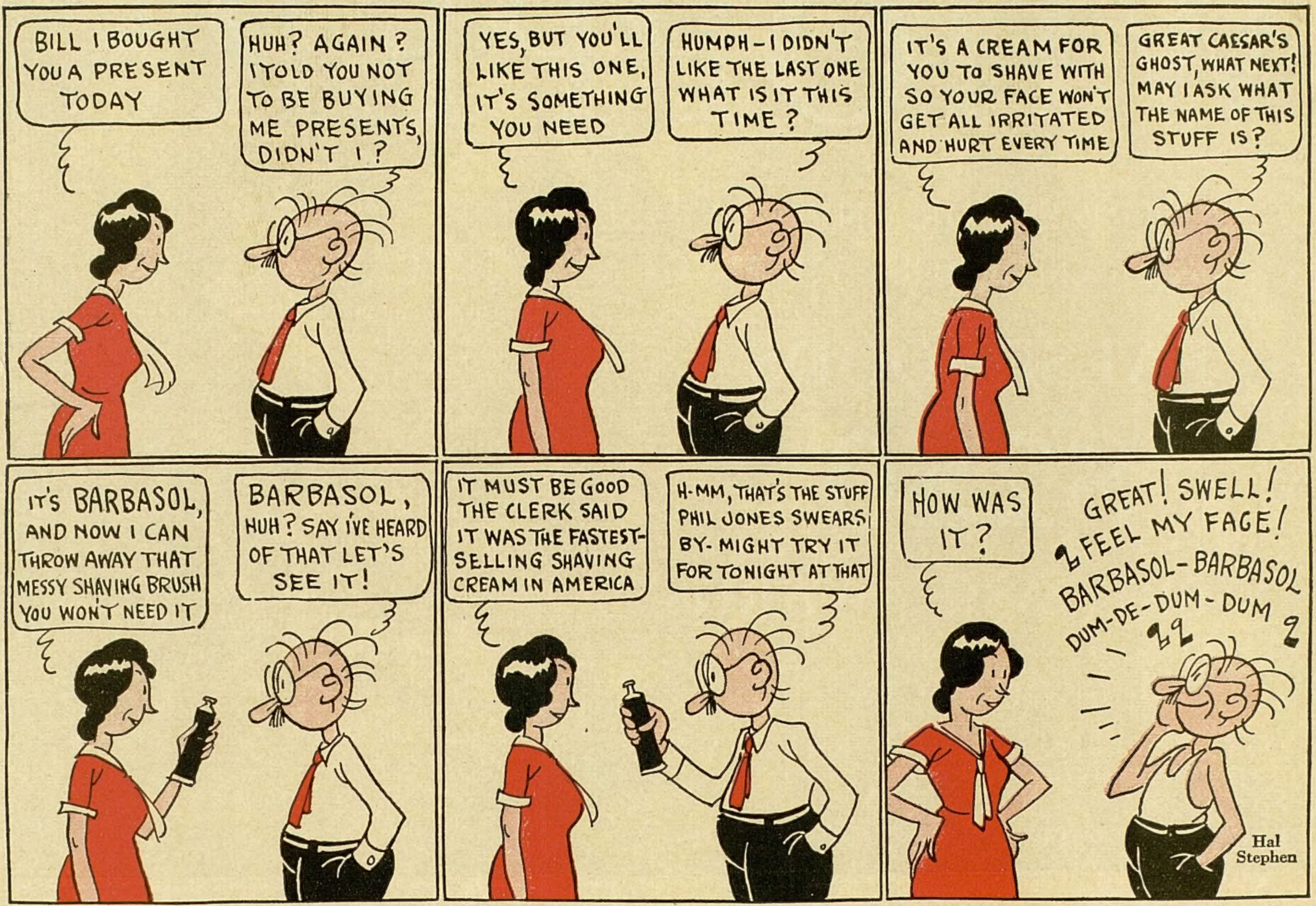
YOU CAN WIN ONE OF THESE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$50
SECOND PRIZE	25
THIRD PRIZE	15
FOURTH PRIZE . . .	10
10 PRIZES, each $5 . .	50
50 PRIZES, each $2 . .	$100
64 PRIZES—Total . . .	$250

NEXT WEEK ANOTHER $250 FOR 64 MORE WHOPPERS*!*

Barbasol

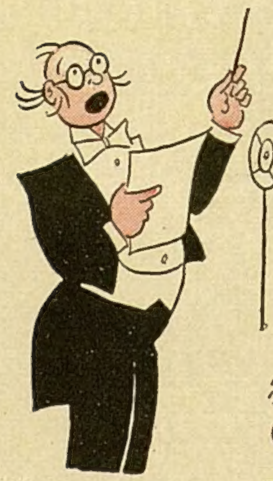
BILL TAKES ONE ON THE CHIN AND LIKES IT


BILL I BOUGHT YOU A PRESENT TODAY
HUH? AGAIN? I TOLD YOU NOT TO BE BUYING ME PRESENTS, DIDN'T I?
YES, BUT YOU'LL LIKE THIS ONE, IT'S SOMETHING YOU NEED
HUMPH - I DIDN'T LIKE THE LAST ONE WHAT IS IT THIS TIME?
IT'S A CREAM FOR YOU TO SHAVE WITH SO YOUR FACE WON'T GET ALL IRRITATED AND HURT EVERY TIME
GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST, WHAT NEXT! MAY I ASK WHAT THE NAME OF THIS STUFF IS?
IT'S BARBASOL, AND NOW I CAN THROW AWAY THAT MESSY SHAVING BRUSH YOU WON'T NEED IT
BARBASOL, HUH? SAY I'VE HEARD OF THAT LET'S SEE IT!
IT MUST BE GOOD THE CLERK SAID IT WAS THE FASTEST-SELLING SHAVING CREAM IN AMERICA
H-MM, THAT'S THE STUFF PHIL JONES SWEARS BY- MIGHT TRY IT FOR TONIGHT AT THAT
HOW WAS IT?
GREAT! SWELL! FEEL MY FACE! BARBASOL-BARBASOL DUM-DE-DUM-DUM
Hal Stephen

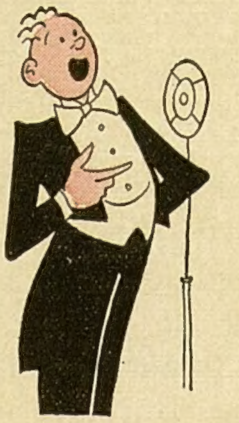
SHAVE WITHOUT LATHER! Use Barbasol for the quickest, coolest, smoothest shave you've ever had. Because it's a cool, smooth cream, it holds the whiskers erect so the razor can zip them off with never a pull or a scrape. It leaves the natural oil in the skin, keeps your face soft and smooth, protects it from sun and windburn. Try it today and see for yourself why it's the fastest-selling shaving cream in America. But use it right. **1.** Wet your face and leave it wet. **2.** Smooth on Barbasol—no need to rub it in vigorously. **3.** Wet your razor and SHAVE. That's all there is to the shave of a lifetime. Generous tubes of Barbasol are at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, or large jars, 75¢. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Barbasol recommends TEFRA TOOTHPASTE

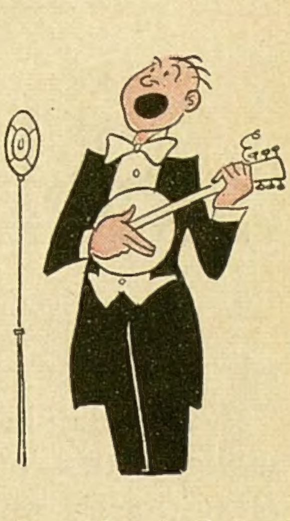
In every 30¢ tube there is a free Tefra toothbrush refill, to fit a lifetime Tefra refillable toothbrush handle. For full information, tune in Barbasol radio programs listed.



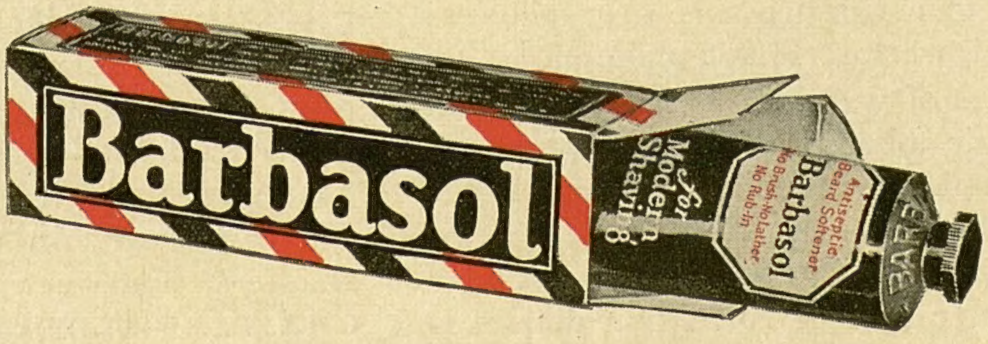
The Old Singin' Master and his singers—mellow old hymns and ballads the way you like them. Tune in every Sunday night at 10:15, Eastern Standard Time, on the N. B. C. (WJZ) Blue Network, coast to coast.



Ray Perkins, Barbasoloist with Peter Van Steeden's Barbasolians, WEAF—N.B.C. Red Network, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 7:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time.



Singin' Sam the Barbasol man, in songs you can't forget. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 8:15, Eastern Standard Time, over an extensive Columbia (WABC) Broadcasting hook-up.


Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Barbasol
Antiseptic Beard Softener
No Brush-No Lather No Rub-in

Consult radio page of your local newspaper for stations

© 1932, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

In this High-pressure Age smokers want a *Milder Cigarette*

WE LIVE in a fast-moving age. We work harder . . . play harder . . . travel quicker. And we smoke quite a lot more cigarettes.

But there's this about it: They have got to be milder today. In this high-pressure age, smokers don't like strong cigarettes. That's plain.

About four miles of warehouses are filled with mild, ripe Domestic tobaccos, stored away to age for two years to make them mild and mellow for CHESTERFIELD Cigarettes.

To make sure that CHESTERFIELD is a milder cigarette, the greater part of 90 million dollars is invested in the tobaccos used in CHESTERFIELD. These tobaccos are "Cross-Blended."

This "Welding" together—or "Cross-Blending"—permits every kind of tobacco used in the CHESTERFIELD blend to partake of the best qualities of every other type. Burbank used the same principle in crossing different fruits to make a still better fruit.

CHESTERFIELDS are milder . . . never harsh . . . and that's why, in this high-pressure age, more smokers, both men and women, are changing to CHESTERFIELDS every day.